

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## PLEASE DO NOT LITTER YOUR VILLAGE

### THE BEAUTIFUL CHARING X BRIDGE

ITS 100TH BIRTHDAY

A Lovely Present From the  
Thames to the Avon

#### POOR OLD LONDON

The miserable tragedy of Charing Cross Bridge still drags on, just 70 years after it began.

For 25 years all who love London have been hoping to see a beginning made of clearing up the mess, and again and again we have been cheated of victory. Now it is said that the energetic Minister of Transport is looking into it, and we may hope he will cover himself with glory by doing something. A worthy Charing Cross Bridge would be the brightest beacon in his career.

Now is the very time, for this is the centenary of a Charing Cross Bridge which was really beautiful.

#### A Brunel Masterpiece

Isambard Brunel threw the old Hungerford Suspension Bridge across the Thames, where the railway bridge now dips its ugly stumps in it; and when London saw it they knew it for a masterpiece of engineering skill and called on all to admire it. It was a road bridge, 676 feet along its centre span, and to this day many Londoners call the footway running by the side of the railway Hungerford Bridge, a sign of old affection.

But Brunel's suspension bridge only swung there for 18 years before the railway dragon swallowed it, and London stood by and consented.

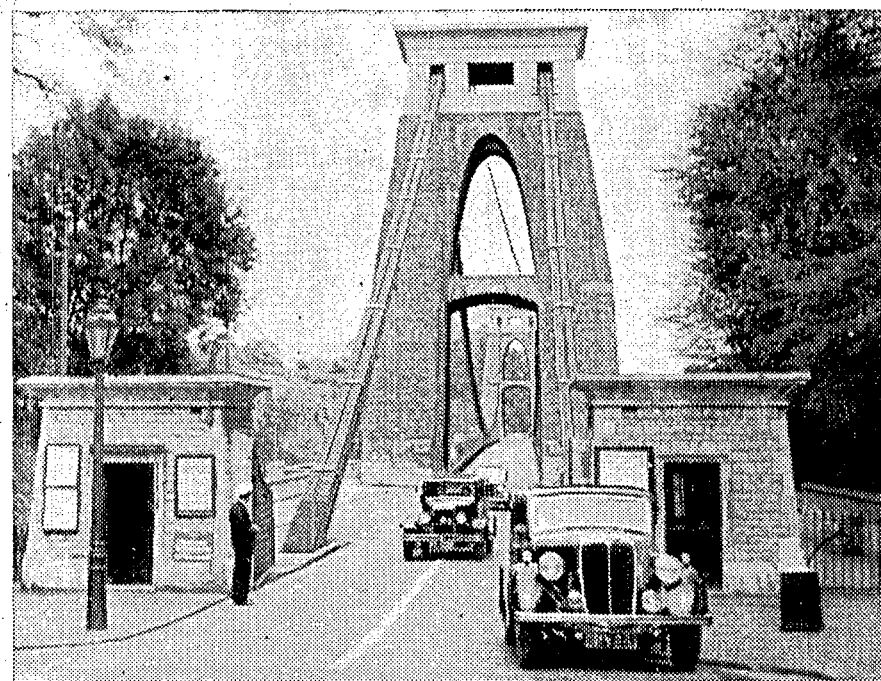
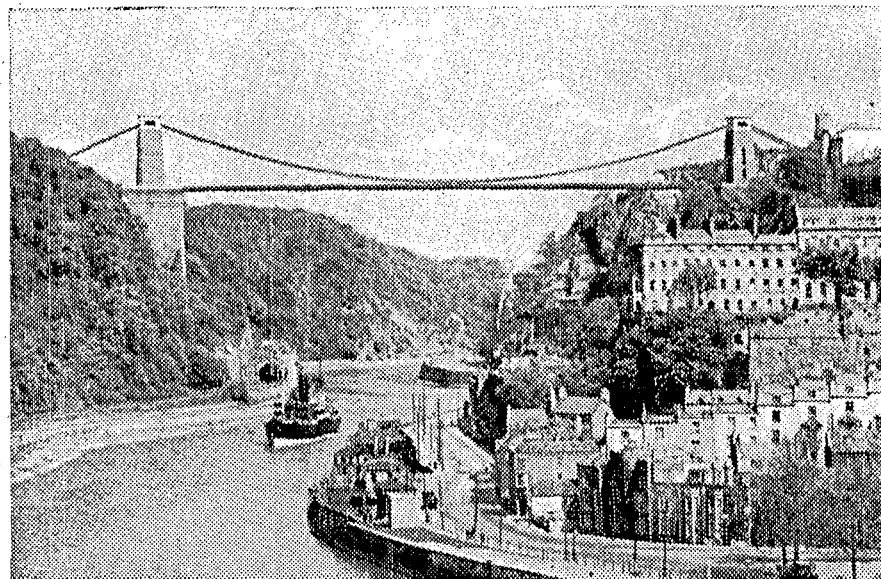
In Brunel's mind was a finer plan. There had long been talk of a bridge over the Avon above Bristol and its port of Avonmouth, and Brunel joyfully seized the opportunity to make one there like this Hungerford Bridge.

#### Tribute Where It Is Due

In 1836 the foundation-stone of the first piers for the suspension chains was laid. But the plan was too massive for the contractors, who could not keep pace with Brunel's genius. By the time the piers were completed no money was left to do more, and the piers, monuments of failure, stood melancholy by the gorge. The ironwork was sold to go to Brunel's GWR railway bridge at Saltash, and Brunel died a disappointed man.

After he had gone other engineers made reparation to his memory. A new company was formed, and as London was now getting rid of Brunel's Hungerford Bridge the Bristol company bought the chains which had carried its wonderful 676-foot central span and took them to the Avon. They bought them at a bargain price, tested each link, added 200 tons of new chain to the 1000 tons they had, and before the Charing Cross Railway Bridge was completed in all its ugliness the Avon Suspension Bridge

### Charing Cross Bridge Spans the Avon



This week is the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of Clifton Bridge

Continued from the previous column

swung in all its beauty over the gorge. To Brunel's imaginative genius all must pay tribute, but a word should be said for the engineers and constructors who finished what he had planned.

They suspended three chains where Brunel had employed one, and at that time the work of getting them across the chasm appeared superhuman. They did it by first throwing a platform formed of cables across, and then bringing the suspension chains over, a link at a time, by another cable above the first. Slowly the links came across, and were riveted one by one till a gigantic web of iron crept across.

One singular thing about that creeping monster is that though the web of iron of the Hungerford Bridge went to Clifton its brick piers were taken to lend support to the railway bridge.

It is a striking example of the exchange of the best for the worst.

Continued from column 4

lay in her path—a helpless, rudderless hulk. Pearson had to steer his ship between the Trenton and the reef. He boldly headed for the reef, and when within 50 yards of it, brought the Calliope into the wind again and made for the open sea.

This amazing feat thrilled the whole world, but the first cheer came from the Admiral of the Trenton and his men as they watched the daring of the British sailors from their doomed ship—for the Trenton ran ashore that terrible afternoon, and so did the Olga and the merchantmen.

The Calliope still floats. She is the drill-ship of the naval volunteers at Elswick. But her name is now the Helicon. Would it not have been better for her to have kept her old name, the name of the Greek Muse of Epic Poetry, for her adventure of March 1889 was an epic which will live for ever?

Objects in Outline  
Competition Result

See page 11

### THE PLUCKY CALLIOPE

British Daring That  
Won ThroughTHRILLING STORY OF THE  
SOUTHERN SEAS RECALLED

A feat of seamanship without compare in the history of our Navy has been recalled by the passing of Captain Harry Pearson.

As navigating officer of the Calliope, commanded by Captain Kane, Harry Pearson had steered his ship into the tiny harbour of Apia Bay on the north of the Samoan Island of Opolu. It was high summer in the year 1889, but there was political trouble brewing, and in this harbour lay three German and three American warships in readiness to fight one another for the possession of the island.

#### The Hurricane in the Night

In addition to the warships there were six merchantmen and other small craft, and so crowded were they all that the American flagship had to lie at the very entrance.

Early in March the weather began to break, and to maintain their positions the warships had to steam to their anchors. The barometer dropped like a stone, a sure warning of an approaching hurricane. Every vessel should have at once sought the open sea, but the rival commanders would not give way to each other and quit their stations. Admiral Kimberley, the American, as the officer of the highest rank, should have led the way, but he kept the Trenton at her moorings in the channel. Captain Kane was prevailed on to stay by some friends at Apia. So the ships lowered their topmasts, charged their furnaces, and strengthened their mooring ropes.

By midnight a gale was raging and by dawn a hurricane was pounding mountainous seas into Apia harbour. Of the seven warships five had dragged their moorings, colliding with one another, and the German Eber had sunk with 76 out of her 80 men.

#### Three Ships and a Reef

The Calliope was manoeuvring to avoid an American ship, the German Olga, and a reef close behind her. The American came back on her and smashed her bowsprit. Lest her greater weight should in turn smash the American, the Calliope would have to reverse her engines and risk the reef behind. Thereupon Captain Kane and Harry Pearson decided on a supreme effort to thrust out of the death-trap through wind and wave. The engine was already red hot, but inch by inch the ship moved out. She took two hours to cover the first 800 yards, but she steered clear of the American, which was later dashed ashore. The other American, the Trenton, now



## SPAIN'S ONLY HOPE

### The Inconclusive War of Brothers

#### STALEMATE ON ALL FRONTS

No good tidings come from Spain. The only good news is of the slowly uniting front of the European nations round it.

Great Britain has been the first to stiffen this front by its example. It has cut off the supply to Spain of every arm of warfare and of every kind of aircraft from these shores. No Spaniard can slay his brother with weapons sent from England.

The great value of this prohibition is that other nations know we mean it and will keep our word. The step has been taken not because we want to keep out of danger or are afraid to interfere, but because we see that the only way to stop a fire is to refuse to add fuel to it.

#### An Example to All Nations

Other nations must follow our example if there is to be an end to this horrible strife, or anything of Spain left when it is ended. Every nation that was in the Great War knows only too well that everyone was the loser by it and that the bill, so far from being paid, still mounts.

Who with a particle of sense can expect to profit by the murderous triumph of either side in this Spanish bullring?

France or Russia, Germany or Italy may find it impossible not to give sympathy to one side or the other, though we may find it hard to sympathise with either side when both so openly boast of the senseless destruction they inflict or the cold-blooded reprisals they take on one another.

#### A Hopeless Way Out

In our own country there are many Socialists and Labour people whose hearts go out to the Spanish working-men who are fighting to keep the Government they elected. In France the Socialists feel still more keenly, for the Spanish workman is their near neighbour.

But sympathy is a dangerous thing when it cloaks self-interest, for it is apt to overstep the border and become participation in the strife.

There are nations whose sympathies lie on the side of the Spanish military party because of its claim to establish a dictatorship as the only means of establishing law and order, and content, in the country.

But dictatorship is a hopeless way out. The vanquished would never rest beneath the conqueror's heel. It is not in the Spanish character; nor could any dictatorship maintained by force of arms reconcile the many conflicting interests of industrial Catalonia, agricultural Galicia, aristocratic Castile, and poverty-ridden Andalusia.

#### The Futility of It All

Nothing can be of any help to Spain but a truce brought about by the realisation on both sides that it is impossible to go on.

Already, though the skies are still lit by the fires of civil war, the realisation is coming nearer. It is weeks now since the first sudden blow was struck at the Government by the military party. But the blow did not strike home; and the situation as it is today affords another comparison with the Great War.

In the long agony of trench warfare first one side and then another would make an advance, only to find that it could not make good; and this saw-saw of futile advances went on to the bitter end, when all were exhausted.

So it is now in Spain. News comes of advances and victories and repulses,

## EUROPE'S CHANCE

### IN SPAIN

#### DRAMATISE PEACE

### The World is Waiting For a Great Example

#### LET THE HEADS OF NATIONS MEET

The C N thinks this could not be better said, and it should be said as widely as possible. We take these extracts from The Times:

#### By General Smuts

I look upon the revolt of the Spanish Army in Morocco and the civil war in Spain not only as a most dangerous symptom in itself, but also as another product of the breakdown of cooperation in the League during the Italo-Abyssinian crisis.

The whole European situation calls for a drastic review, not only because of the danger of war involved in present policies, but also because of the economic breakdown of the European system.

Let the leaders come together in a friendly and informal talk round the table and explore suggestions among themselves. The League and Covenant can stand over until a more opportune time for its consideration and, if necessary, reconstruction.

#### By Commander King-Hall

Is the public conscience of the West so brutalised and coarsened by the events of our own times that the Great Powers are going to do nothing but sit in suspicious neutrality at the side of the bloodiest exhibition ever staged in the Spanish bullring?

Is it impossible for the Prime Ministers of France and Great Britain together with Hitler and Mussolini to meet forthwith having publicly pledged themselves to do their best to concert measures calculated to bring peace to Spain? Such a proposal may be startling and unorthodox, but it is certainly possible. The long-distance telephone and the aeroplane can bring together in 12 hours the heads of a group of nations numbering two hundreds of millions. Such a joint *démarche* would strike a note which would echo round the world and might even cross the Pyrenees. So far as can be judged the balance as between the opposing parties is fairly even at the moment and international mediation might be acceptable. Is it not worth trying?

Furthermore, if such a joint international policy were successful its ultimate consequences would far exceed in importance the immediate purpose of this proposal. The spectacle of France, Italy, Great Britain, and Germany united in a great humanitarian endeavour would go far to lay the foundations of a lasting European peace. In Spain, urgent and clamorous for international attention, is a unique opportunity to dramatise peace and revive hope for the future in men's despondent hearts.

Continued from the previous column

but no solid advantage can be claimed by either side. The advance on Madrid hangs fire, and so does the advance from it.

If this were all we might counsel patience. But other things are happening which must not wait. It is certain as can be that if the combatants cannot have a victory they have no mercy. Men are dying for Spain not in the heat of fighting, but facing the rifles of their countrymen after a court-martial has condemned them. These are the unforgettable, unforgivable acts of civil war. They must end. Europe must end them, and can end them only in one way.

## THE GREAT COUNTESS

### The Old Lady on the King's Balcony

The C N has lost a great friend in the Dowager Countess of Bradford, grandmother of the Duchess of Gloucester.

She was one of the daughters of the Earl of Scarborough, beloved by Disraeli, who often stayed at their home in her young days; and she was the old lady who stood on the balcony at Buckingham Palace looking out on the wonderful crowd at King George's Jubilee.

She was 87, and only last week, in writing to the Editor of the C N, she begged him to excuse her for a day or two as she was "very busy this week with local matters."

When a poor Polish priest wrote asking if someone would post him the C N each week, it was Lady Bradford who sent her copy on to him.

She was a very great lady, full of human kindness.

## THE NATIONAL TRUST AND FOX-HUNTING

To the National Trust is given the honour of preserving many beautiful tracts of our country. Should not the trust include the preservation of the wild life on them?

The C N learns that it does not and apparently cannot always do so. A letter signed by Mr Lascelles Abercrombie, Miss Ruth Fry, Mr H. W. Nevinston, Mr Noel Buxton, Miss Dorothea Gibbs, and Mr Bernard Shaw points out that in some of the National Trust sanctuaries fox-hunting may still be carried on.

It may be that the Trust cannot always look its gift horses in the mouth. Broad acres may be committed to its charge on the understanding that the so-called field sports long encouraged on them will not be interfered with. The Trust may take action against any unauthorised person who shoots a pigeon on its lands, but it must look the other way when the foxhounds are in full cry.

The remedy for such a state of things seems to be that the National Trust should be complete master in its own house, and should not be called on to accept any trust land except it is given under the guarantee that nobody shall interfere with any bird or beast on it.

## FUN ON THE RAILWAY

The Victorian spirit lingers on in Devonshire, where Alderman Percy Gayton, the foreman porter who is Mayor of Exeter, has been talking of his experiences to Mr J. L. Hodson.

An old lady appeared at the station asking the time of a train to Honiton, and was answered "Three-thirty-five."

"Now, my dear," she said, "I want it exactly; none o' them thirty-fives." "Well, then, twenty-five to four," she was told, whereupon she replied with much satisfaction, "Ah, that's better; now I know where I be."

It took Queen Victoria and her husband some time to understand the working of the table by which our trains run. On coming up from Windsor to London by one of their first railway runs, they reached the end of the journey apparently under the impression that the driver had pleased himself about the pace at which he travelled, for the Prince Consort sought out the guard at the station and said to him, "Not so fast next time, please, Mr Conductor!"

#### MILTON'S COTTAGE

The tree-crowned field which forms a lovely background to Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St Giles has been presented to the Trustees by Lord Wakefield, the Alderman of the Ward of Bread Street, London, in which John Milton was born.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Lord Nuffield has given £35,000 to provide a new church at Cowley, where many of his workers live.

The Florence Nightingale, the first aeroplane built for ambulance work in this country, was sent the other day to carry Mr Victor Sheean, an American author, from Dublin to Geneva for treatment by a nerve specialist.

The six mulberry trees in the City of London have borne heavy crops this year. The four youngest are in Finsbury Circus, but the others, in the grounds of the Girdlers and Drapers Companies, flourished before the Great Fire.

France now holds the records for the highest aeroplane flights by both a man and a woman. Georges Detre has recently reached a height of 48,764 feet, nearly 9½ miles, 1799 feet higher than the altitude attained by Mlle Maryse Hilsz.

A woodland area of 240 acres near Lake Windermere has been given to the Boy Scouts as a national centre for woodcraft training. It has been given by Mr W. B. Wakefield, who was assistant to the Chief Scout at the first camp 28 years ago.

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN SINGS

### And a Frenchman Pockets the Money

Only once has Charlie Chaplin's voice been heard on the films, but that once has brought an unexpected and pleasant little fortune to someone in Paris.

It is in his latest film, *Modern Times*, that this beloved clown suddenly bursts into song. Harassed and inarticulate as usual under the blows of misfortune, a final push has landed him before a café audience as the Singing Waiter.

Sing he must, and sing he does; and not only the café audience but the far bigger cinema audience doubles up with laughter at the clowning which accompanies this song of gibberish and jumbled languages which remains Charlie's only contribution to the talkies. It is a delicious bit of nonsense, sung to the tune of an old French favourite, and many leave the cinema humming it.

For years a composer in Paris has been drawing a few pounds in royalties from this tune, but the last time he called for his royalties he found they had mounted from five or six pounds to the staggering sum of £11,000. Charlie Chaplin's gibberish version had started everyone buying the old song again.

It is just the sort of odd happening with a twist in it that the little fellow with a comic moustache and a swaggering cane is always getting involved in; but this time the strange affair has stepped out of the films into real life.

#### POOR JACK POINT

The cap and bells of the jester who wore them with such gaiety were, by his last wish, laid by him when he was borne to his last resting-place.

To his many friends and admirers this will seem not unfitting, for it was well known that Jack Point was Sir Henry Lytton's favourite part.

## THINGS SAID

This grim and detestable struggle.

Sir Samuel Hoare on Spain

Every new ship we build, every new squadron we form, will be another guarantee of world peace.

Sir Samuel Hoare

Mr Lloyd George could pick up an idea, use it brilliantly, forget it completely, and wake up every morning to a new world.

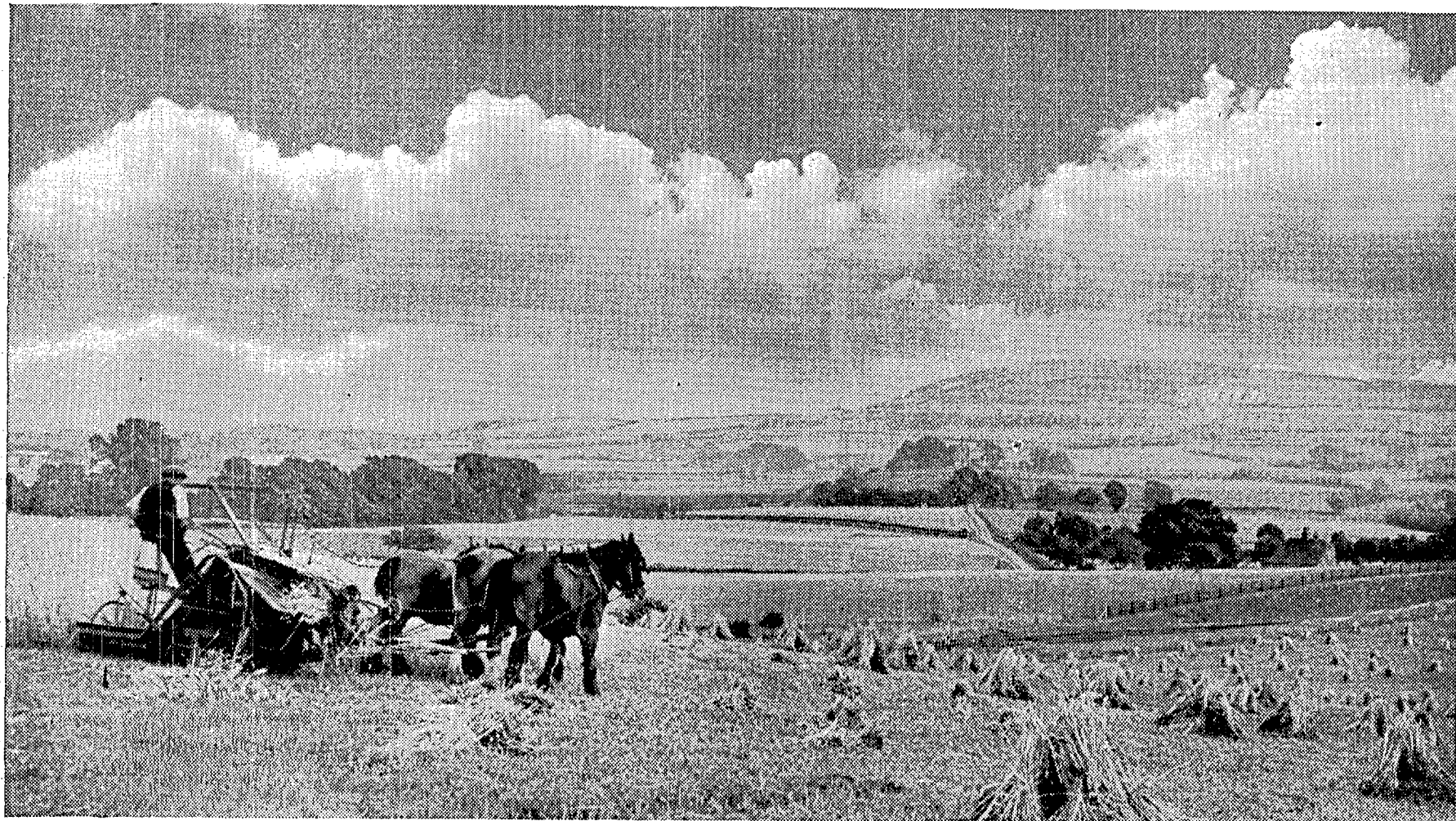
Lord Tweedsmuir in Vancouver

A glance at the world today is sufficient to show that there is no real alternative before men other than Christianity.

Dean of St Paul's



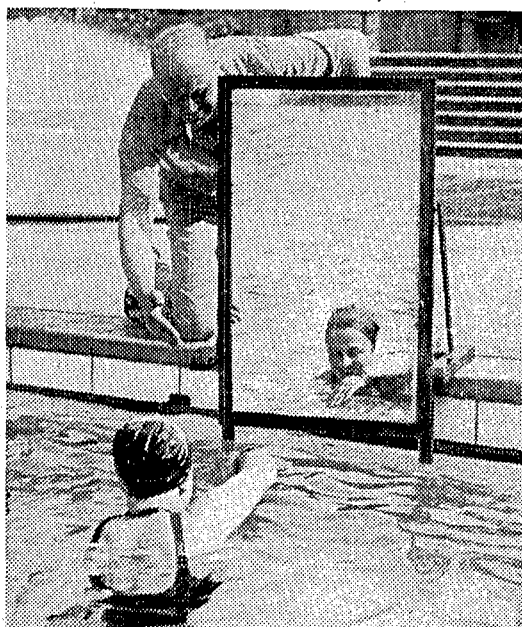
# Swimmer's Mirror · Harvesting in Sussex · New Airliner



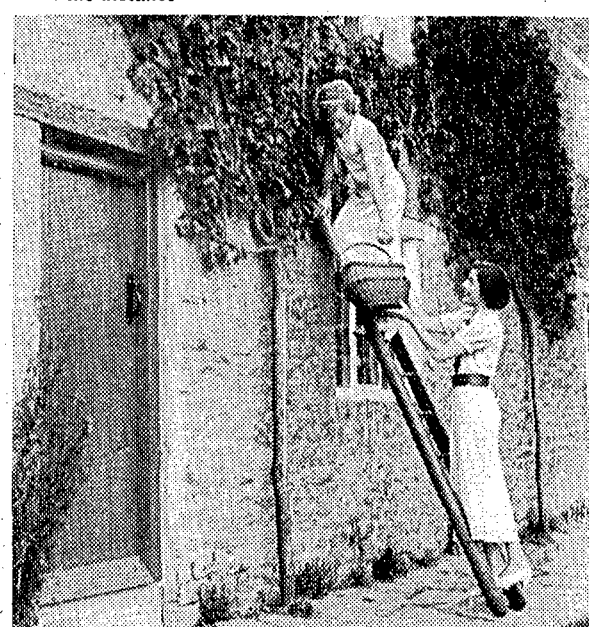
Harvest in the South—A reaper at work near Lewes in Sussex, with the South Downs in the distance



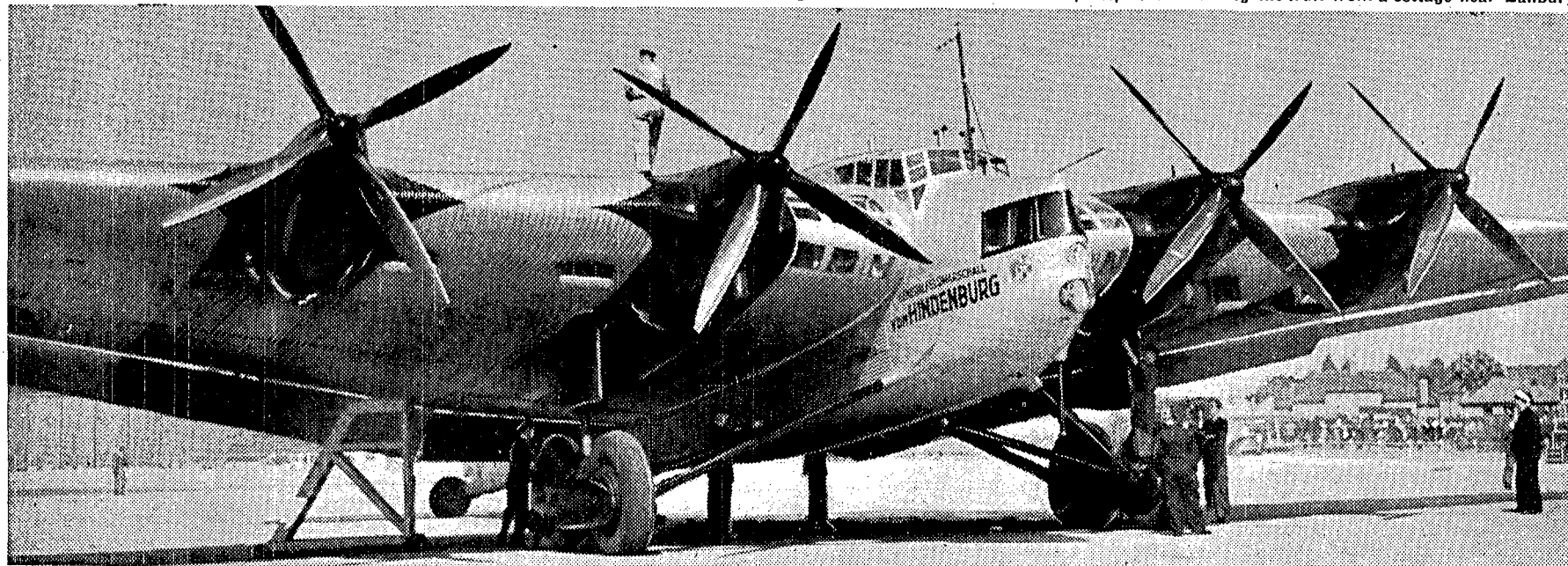
Modern Lilliput—In the model village at Beaconsfield



Mirror For Swimmers—A good idea at Twickenham



Ripe Apricots—Picking the fruit from a cottage near Banbury



A German Giant—The Junkers airliner with heavy-oil engines which visited Croydon the other day. It carries 34 passengers and a crew of seven. See page 4



## LONDON'S NEW UNIVERSITY

### An Impressive Monument of Learning

#### FIRST BUILDINGS COMPLETED

London's new University is opening its windows on the world.

Its doors already have opened to admit to the first of the new buildings, which, when the present generation has passed on, will cover ten acres of Bloomsbury, and be a monument of London's learning to last for centuries.

In imagination we can see this future Temple of Fame,

*Whose doors are opened wide  
And its halls are always full,*

where scholars and professors, the humble and the brilliant, the talented and the plodder, will rub shoulders, each in his own way striving to add another stone to the edifice of knowledge.

Today the buildings, with bronze doors, one opposite the British Museum, the other facing west, are of unsullied Portland stone. Here are façades on which Time will leave its mark, even as the University grows grey in wisdom. But today all is bright with promise.

#### 200-Foot Tower as Apex

The promise is one not only of grandeur. When all is finished the mass of buildings will be greater than St Paul's; but they will have a grace to match their size, and so to draw the eye to their beauty rather than their scale. The lofty tower 200 feet high will dominate them, and all the port of London round them.

It is already built as high as the roof of the main building, and already the plan as it will be when finished can be made out, with blocks and courtyards stretching out from the main building at right-angles.

The sons and daughters of London University will not have to wait for that completion. It will not be long before they are invited to enter the Senate House, already wanting only its roof, to take their degrees. Halls and stairways and lecture rooms, empty now, await their occupation.

#### A Harvard Story

Soon the time will arrive when the new University will be declared open to all. There will be ceremonies and processions. Leaders of the people by their counsel, professors eminent in all the sciences, doctors learned in all the arts, will lead them; and at the end will march the youngest students, youths and maidens with their future before them.

They will be happiest of all the throng, for, as R. L. Stevenson has said, it is more blessed to travel hopefully than to arrive. These inheritors of the ages may be reminded of something that happened when another university, older than theirs, Harvard University in the United States, held its 250th anniversary.

At the tail of the celebration procession marched the latest comers, those who had only that year arrived at Harvard. They carried their own banner, and on it was inscribed, "The University of Harvard has waited 250 years for us!"

#### LENINGRAD'S GREEN BELT

One of Russia's many plans is a re-constructed Leningrad with a seven-mile belt of trees running round it.

Already men are filling up with trees and shrubs the sections of this belt which were bare of leaves, 250 acres being planted near Pulkovo and a similar area along the banks of the Slavyanka River. Fruit trees are being planted on the slopes of the hills.

Near Ilinskoe the Lyada River has been dammed to make a swimming-pool and beach, and now on the other side of the belt the Kikenka River is to be made to spread out into another pool and beach in the Sungorovsky Forest.

## ADRIFT AT 4000 FEET

### Amazing Adventure in an Aeroplane

A remarkable story of the cool courage of a girl of 14 comes from Charante in France.

The girl stepped into an aeroplane and took her seat as a passenger while the pilot went forward to swing the propeller. By some mischance the usual chocks had not been placed under the wheels and as soon as the engine started the machine rose into the air. Quickly changing her seat the young passenger seized the controls and succeeded in keeping the aeroplane in flight for half an hour, reaching a height of 4000 feet.

Meanwhile another machine was sent up from the aerodrome and from it the pilot gave directions for landing. Unhappily in her endeavour to keep the machine away from the excited crowd who were watching the girl landed too fast. Her machine crashed and she died from her injuries.

Her fearlessness in the hour of peril will long be remembered at Charante.

## HOW WE DO OUR FIGHTING

### Not By Castor Oil or Blackshirts

By Sir Samuel Hoare

If politics get into the hands of extremist fanatics then the bullet and the bomb take the place of the ballot-box, and a great country like Spain is torn into irreconcilable fragments. Let us, at any rate in this country and in the British Empire, have none of this political barbarism.

In this country we need no Fascists to fight the Communists. We fought Communism by increased prosperity. We destroy revolution, not by black-shirts or castor oil, but by ordered progress and free discussion.

## OUR BOYS AT BERLIN

### Praise of German Hospitality

The British boys, representing many youth organisations, sent to Berlin by King George's Jubilee Trust have returned home full of praise for German hospitality.

That will only surprise those who have never experienced what the German can do in this way.

Many parts of the country were represented by boys from associations of boys clubs, the Boys Brigade, the Y M C A, the R A F College, the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and many schools. Other nations sent contingents, and the cosmopolitan gathering much enjoyed the event. All the nations in turn sang their national anthem.

There was free travel on trains, trams, and buses, and the camp was pitched only ten minutes from the Stadium, so that the boys had a splendid time.

## SOUND-PROOF FACTORY AT COVENTRY

Aeroplane engines of 1400 h-p are being tested in a factory at Coventry without the passer-by being aware that this noisy operation is proceeding.

Realising that the production of these engines in a normal building would cause annoyance to the residents near by, the Alvis Company have constructed a sound-proof factory in which engines up to 2500 h-p can be tested without any noise being heard outside. The building cost £20,000, but everyone in Coventry agrees it was money well spent.

Wind resistances from 70 to 200 miles an hour have to be met by the power units tested in a modern plant installed in this building.

## HE FOUGHT AT

## WATERLOO

### Has Salford Found a Long Lost Hero?

Members of the Royal Scots Greys have been looking ten years for a lost hero of Waterloo.

Up and down the great city of Salford they have gone in search of the grave of Charles Ewart, and now they think they have found it. It is a thrilling discovery.

Who was Charles Ewart of the Royal Scots Greys? He was the man who gave the Greys the eagle which is proudly displayed on their badge. He fought at Waterloo, where his fine single-handed achievement was one of the most notable episodes of that memorable day. Forcing his charger, a magnificent grey horse, through line after line of French infantry, fighting against overwhelming odds, he rode irresistibly on, secured the French standard, and fought his way back to his own troops, carrying with him the eagle which is now the regiment's most treasured possession. For this piece of gallantry Ewart was made an ensign; and when he went home to Scotland he was entertained at a banquet in Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott speaking in praise of what he had done.

#### A Century After

In his later years this hero of Waterloo went to live in what was then a little village outside Manchester, and when he died he was believed to have been buried in the churchyard there. Nearly a century has passed since then; the green fields have become busy streets, and the church, after changing hands more than once, is now used as business premises.

The churchyard was long ago paved over and used as a court, and Charles Ewart was forgotten by all except the proud Greys who have been looking for him year after year. They have consulted plans and registers, and now they believe their search is over, for they have brought to light, in what was once the churchyard where this hero was said to have been buried, a flat stone with the simple inscription: "In memory of Ensign Charles Ewart, who died March 23, 1846, aged 77 years."

## AEROPLANE DRIVEN BY HEAVY OIL

### Windows in the Wings and Silence Within

Gleaming in the sunshine, a new type of aeroplane drew the eyes of London skyward the other day.

It was a Junkers monoplane, Field Marshal von Hindenburg by name, displaying her powers under the propelling power of four 750 h-p heavy-oil engines.

The machine has a wing span of 146 feet, is 77 feet long, and fully loaded weighs 53,000 pounds. Its speed is about 150 miles an hour and it can carry sufficient fuel for a flight of eight hours.

The wings of this aeroplane are very thick, and within them are placed the engines, so that they are accessible during flight. In fact, passenger seats are set between the engines, and there are windows in the front of the wings through which clear views of the country ahead can be seen.

The passengers can talk to each other without raising their voices, so silent are the engines.

This type of machine is now running regularly between Berlin and Copenhagen. An English firm has obtained a licence to make the type of engines used, so British machines should soon be in the air flying with the safety from fire which heavy oil secures. *Picture on page 3*

## A STRUGGLE IN THE SNOW

### The Himalayas Show Their Teeth

#### AN INDIAN SURVEY ADVENTURE

This year the Himalayas have worsted the climbers who have tried to subdue them, and their latest triumph was over the Survey of India.

Surveyor Elahi and his four assistants were peacefully mapping the glacier country north of the Badrinath range of the Himalayas when the monsoon, much too early, swooped through the high mountains on their camp at 18,000 feet.

At 18,000 feet only experienced mountaineers can keep their health. But when the monsoon brought down on Elahi's little party eight feet of snow they could not find their feet. He had sent back his coolies to the camp below for food and fuel. They could not get back to him.

#### Four Anxious Days

After waiting four days in his frozen camp, seeing his firewood vanish and his food running low, Surveyor Elahi determined to make a dash for the ration dump below the Gaumukh glacier, hoping to reach it in a day. The party took their heavy instruments with them.

But the snow was their enemy still. They spent a whole day crawling on hands and knees, shovelling a trench through it. Two miles in 12 hours was their rate of travel, and the two blankets each had brought were too heavy. They threw away one and at night huddled together for warmth.

Snow still fell. It was falling next morning, but they struggled on and crossed the maze of ridges on the glacier, to come to smoother snow on the other side. Another day, another day, and yet another night passed as they stumbled on, their throats dry and painful from the snow. They had no food. They threw away their last blankets.

#### Eating Blades of Grass

The Surveyor tried to get his men going again, but could hardly persuade them to get up. They went on 20 yards at a time, and then sank down again.

When at last they came within four miles of their ration dump even the hope of food could not rouse them to a last effort. They lay down on a bank where the grass was thrusting through the snow, and that was all the food they had.

Their only hope was that rescuers might come from the camp. The rescuers came, the party was saved, but Surveyor Elahi and one of his four assistants were the only ones that walked into camp. The rest had to be carried.

They have recovered since. And the Surveyor has recovered his surveying instruments.

#### IMPERIAL CATERING

Visitors to the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg next month will meet with a familiar symbol on the plate and crockery they use at the chief restaurant there.

The L M S Railway is to provide this restaurant and has sent out nearly 70,000 items of crockery, glassware, linen, and other equipment. A large staff, too, has been recruited from the hotels belonging to the railway, so that the commercial traveller from this country may find himself being waited on by one who is familiar with his fads and fancies in food.

#### GOOD MORNING, SIR JOHN

Such a cheery Good Morning used to greet Sir John Foster Fraser when he entered his London club that he always felt better for it, and he remembered it when he came to make his will.

That is why William Mabbett, club attendant, is now richer by £50.



## PECULIAR PENGUINS

### The Egg and the Stone COURTSHIP IN THE ANTARCTIC

Rightly did Walt Disney call one of his silly symphonies Peculiar Penguins, for the penguin is a most peculiar bird.

One of those at the London Zoo has lately laid an egg. There is nothing peculiar in that, but it is the first time that visitors to the Zoo have been able to see king-penguins hatching out their egg, and this is peculiar in the extreme. They make no nest, but balance the egg on their webbed feet, and in this way keep it warm and off the ground the whole five weeks it is hatching. When mother gets hungry (about every three days) the egg is rolled over on to father's feet, and there he stands like Patience on a monument smiling at grief, till mother comes back to relieve him.

#### The Embarrassed Explorer

The mother penguin at the Zoo has been a most-photographed bird of late, standing cooly with her head on one side and the egg just showing through the feathers. Her portrait reminded us of the delightful compliment once paid to an Antarctic explorer by a penguin. He was standing among a crowd of these grotesque birds and watching with amusement how a penguin courts his love by offering her a nice round stone. Suddenly one of them came hobbling to where he stood and with a dramatic gesture deposited a similar stone at his feet!

When telling of this embarrassing declaration of love the explorer modestly confessed that he thought the penguin must have been a little short-sighted.

## RADIOLYMPIA IS OPEN AGAIN

### Five Miles of Wireless

The new television sets will no doubt be the greatest attraction at this year's Radiolympia, which opened on Wednesday and will be on view until September 5.

Some of the sets are not yet on sale, but the manufacturers are well prepared for the start of the regular television programmes.

Those who want to see everything in this wireless wonderland must be prepared to walk past five miles of stands; and those who want to buy a set will have something like six million pounds worth of apparatus to choose from.

This great exhibition attracts not only the public but trade buyers from all parts of the world, and the British radio manufacturers are confidently expecting to book orders worth thirty million pounds to keep them busy for the next twelve months.

Apart from the stands of the manufacturers, the BBC has an interesting exhibit; and the biggest show of all is that of the Post Office.

#### WHITE ISLAND

Many of us would like to own an island, but who would like to own an island on the top of a volcano rising out of the sea?

There is one man in New Zealand who owns a volcano. He is a stockbroker who lives in the seaport city of Auckland. He bought the island from a company which had acquired it for the purpose of making use of the sulphur found on it. The company must have decided that there was not enough money in selling sulphur, so it announced: "A volcano for sale!"

It is White Island, named by Captain Cook when he was charting the coast of New Zealand 166 years ago. The island is 30 miles from the north-east coast of the southern Dominion.

## The Crowned King's Ride

### A CHANCE FOR ALL TO SEE

### Route That Will Have Room For Millions

WHEN the King goes to his crowning in Westminster Abbey, the shrine and throne of English sovereignty, he will pass by the familiar processional way of the Mall, the Admiralty Arch, Whitehall and the Cenotaph, and Parliament Square to the Abbey's western door.

When, with the thrilling moving ceremony of the Coronation performed, he comes out from the Abbey, crowned King, he will show himself to his people as no other king has done before. He is the King of a new time. King Edward the Eighth's Coronation procession will pass through miles of all sorts and conditions of men, nearly six miles of the democratic millions.

On the way to the Abbey we may mark that the King passes the Admiralty, the War Office, and the offices of all the great Departments of State. On his way from it he mingles with his people.

They will line the way in their millions, his subjects and his protectors, as he passes along the Embankment to Northumberland Avenue, past Trafalgar Square again, the traditional home of demonstrations, to Pall Mall, St James's Street, round Piccadilly to Regent Street and Oxford Street, and home through the carriage-way of Hyde Park to Constitution Hill and Buckingham Palace.

#### A Processional Way

Some months ago the C N pleaded for a new Processional Way, which, by its extended length, and by taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by Hyde Park, should accommodate London's hidden millions of sightseers. The way through the Park has a suitability all its own because sightseers can easily reach their places from the Park itself and can as easily find a way of retreat from them into its wide spaces.

The difficulty of getting to places for viewing the spectacle, the almost unmanageable crush when they were approached, and the impossibility of moving either backward or forward were all present at the last historic procession, the funeral of King George. Hundreds of thousands turned empty and dissatisfied away, and thousands suffered discomfort and even danger.

The reason is that these wonderful occasions call forth wonderful crowds. The people come not by the hundred thousand, but by the million. Two million spectators is a modest estimate for Coronation Day.

The Londoners alone might contribute that number, and they will know how to

make best use of the Tubes and Underground railways, which have 12 stations on the route or close by it. But on that morning every bus, every Green Line, everything that moves on wheels, will be drawn to the six-mile route as if to a magnet. Country people, Dominion people, friends and strangers from all parts of the world will be there.

Will they all see? Can they? Those who have seats in the stands or in the windows and balconies of the thousands of offices, shops, houses, hotels, clubs on the route will have only to think of getting to them in time. But those who have only the key of the street will not be so well off. Many will have stood on the pavements since daybreak, and not a few will be able only to see the tops of the carriages or the helmets of the escort. It will be the day of their lives if they catch a glimpse of the King with his Crown.

#### Reflected in a Mirror

Nobody would grudge the price for a seat if it were anything within reason, and it may be hoped that the multiplication of stands will reduce the price. But for those who cannot afford a seat at any price the C N would like to repeat a suggestion to which an incident at King George's funeral gave rise.

There was a tremendous crush near Paddington Station, and a hotelkeeper at a street corner had the kindly thought to hang a big mirror outside his balcony so that hundreds of people who could have seen next to nothing easily caught a glimpse of the procession as it passed reflected in the glass.

This simple idea might be carried out along the fronts of many houses on the route. Wide strips of mirrors placed at corners or other suitable points on the route would be the people's periscopes.

A historic day is to be given to London next May, and London must make the most of it. It will clothe itself in banners and bunting, and we hope it will have an eye for harmony in its decorations. The floodlighting to turn it into a City of Light by night may be confidently left to the electricians. They have already shown what they can do. By day the capital of all the King's peoples should be a city of glorious colour, and that ideal will best be reached by calling in the architect and the artist to plan a scheme for all the way.

Light, colour, and we hope May sunshine, are all wanted. But what is most wanted is that everybody should be able to see the King, the centre of it all.

## The Empire Takes Half Our Exports

BRITISH exports leapt forward in July, increasing by £3,600,000 on those of July last year. Exports (of British goods only) exceeded £40,000,000, the best figure since November 1930.

Imports also rose by nearly £7,000,000, the main increase being in purchases of raw and other materials used in British industry. It is good to see an increase of £1,800,000 in the purchases of raw cotton. Lancashire is doing better, and if the improvement continues it will mean much to trade as a whole.

That British exports should thus rise while the world is so troubled is remarkable. Moreover, there is a great call for goods in the home market, and a special call by the Government for armaments, which creates a home demand upon a thousand trades. This trade tends to reduce exports, but yet they increase!

Almost without exception the export gain of July was shared by our industries. There were big increases in sales of iron and steel, machinery, cottons, woollens, and other textiles, apparel, chemicals, and motor-vehicles.

Aircraft showed a fall, which is not surprising, for the Government's purchases are enormous. We are sorry to have to add that coal exports were again small.

The latest trade returns give an analysis of the distribution of British exports, and we find here the explanation of British export trade revival.

In the old days the Britains oversea bought very much less from us than foreign nations. There has been a great change in recent years. Of our exports of British goods in the first six months of this year sales to the Empire accounted for nearly £49 in each £100. So the Britains oversea now take nearly half our exports.

This, of course, is of vital importance to the Mother Country. British exporters gain by the fact that the importers in the oversea Britains are trading with their kith and kin in the United Kingdom, and also by the special trading agreements which give them a tariff preference in colonial markets. In a disturbed world these things tell heavily in our favour.

## LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE

### Memorial To a Maori Statesman

#### A GREAT NEW ZEALANDER

Six thousand Maoris and 50 members of the New Zealand Parliament were among the crowd that gathered near Waitara to see the Governor-General unveil a statue to Sir Maui Pomare, a great Maori statesman who died six years ago.

It was a gathering at which white-skinned New Zealanders of British birth or descent and brown-skinned Maoris paid a tribute to a Maori doctor who became a member of the New Zealand Parliament, and was for some years Minister of Health in the Government of his country.

All British people are proud of the way the native race in New Zealand has been admitted to partnership with the white settlers. The Maoris are an athletic and intelligent race. They elect four out of the 80 members in the New Zealand Parliament, they obey the same laws and enjoy the same privileges as their white-skinned fellow citizens. Maori players in the Rugby football teams from New Zealand which have toured Great Britain have provided proof of the way in which the Maori people have adapted themselves to the British way of living.

#### Minister of Health

Sir Maui Pomare (Dr Pomare as he was then known) represented the Maoris in the western half of the North Island. In time he represented the native race in the Government. Later he became Minister of Health. He had a good education, as a young man qualified in medicine and surgery, and worked as a doctor among the Maoris.

Now he has two memorials. One is a statue in Sicilian marble, nine feet high. The other is a great meeting-house ornamented with fine carvings by Maori artists. Here the Maori people will meet from time to time to discuss matters of interest to their race, and always they will remember the leader whom the King honoured with a knighthood for his service to New Zealand.

## RAIN AND BUILDING

### Bad Weather That Puts Men Out of Work

Though rain has been not uncommon in our land, and the umbrella trade a big one, we have not had the good sense to provide our building trade with protection from the wet. Rain still robs the bricklayer and others of work and wages.

There have been murmurings on the subject for years, but it has taken the abnormal rains of 1936 to bring the matter to a head.

The building worker as a rule has no regular wage. He goes from job to job, and if it rains he has to go without pay till the rain ceases.

So the past summer has often reduced earnings to less than unemployment pay. A serious thing in one way; an absurd thing essentially.

For there is no need thus to waste time, life, and labour. In other lands they contrive to assist with protection from rain; and in North America, where there is a more rigorous climate than here, they add heating apparatus. Building need not stop through frost.

The Ministry of Labour and the Trade Union of Building Workers are hammering out a scheme of insurance to recoup workmen who are thrown idle by inclement weather. That is very well, but it is even more important to enable work to continue all, or nearly all, the time.

It has been a bad year too for brick-makers and many other outdoor trades.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 29 1936

## Would You See England?



No man at any time  
Has seen our England's face,  
Has ever truly said, Now, by  
God's grace,  
I look upon my England and  
behold  
How wondrous beautiful she is,  
and strong, and bold.

She is invisible. This gracious  
isle  
Is but the garment that she  
wears awhile,  
And those far Englands scattered  
through the seas  
But thoughts of hers she sows  
upon the breeze,  
Herself unseen.

She is a Soul celestial and  
serene,  
Immortal Spirit born of God;  
She wears no crown, she wields  
no rod,  
Nor seeks an empire, nor desires  
the pride  
Of warlike legions harnessed at  
her side;  
But in the thronging cities, and  
the roar  
Of engines throbbing on from  
shore to shore,  
And in the glory of our pomp  
and show,  
And in the shadow of our want  
and woe,  
And by the muddied rivers, and  
the dumb  
Anguish of alley, rookery, and  
slum,  
And in the poet's heart, the  
statesman's brain,  
And in the hope of Science, and  
each gain  
By labour won in constant strife  
With hostile Nature and opposing  
life,  
Lifts evermore her hands in  
prayer,  
Sees through the stars a shining  
stair,  
Where souls descending and  
ascending raise  
To God alone their hymns of  
praise,  
And longs in all her toils of death  
and birth  
For heaven itself to come to  
earth.

Would you see England?  
Then be wise,  
Kneel down, and bow your head,  
and close your eyes.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### What Napoleon Forgot

IN Mr Wickham Steed's new book on  
*Vital Peace: A Study in Risks*,  
he reports a conversation with Marshal  
Foch about Napoleon. Foch's judg-  
ment on Napoleon's failure was this:

*He forgot that a man cannot be  
God; that above the individual there is  
the man; that above the man there is the  
moral law; and that war is not the highest  
goal, since above war there is Peace.*

### Under the Dictator

IT is worth while in these days to  
remind ourselves again and again  
how little the Italian people know of  
what is happening in the world.

Their newspapers are controlled for  
them and only such information is  
allowed to reach them as pleases  
their Dictator. We take this from a  
survey of the state of things in Italy  
described by Mr Cecil Clark:

The newspaper, as we know, has long since  
been converted from a source of information  
into a source of irritation.

Day after day, day after day, it records  
the personal triumphs of the Duce and the  
institutional triumphs of Fascism. What  
goes on in the world, or indeed in Italy  
itself, is a matter of indifference unless it  
directly reflects glory on the Fascist regime.

Well may we be thankful that our  
General Elections save us more and  
more from the peril of Dictatorship.

### The Croakers

WHILE there is much to dismay us  
in current affairs, we may  
protest against the renewed prophe-  
cies of unmitigated woe.

Because everything does not go as  
we or our Government would wish we  
have no right to preach a gospel of  
despair.

We have quoted before, and we  
take the liberty to quote again, some  
gloomy utterances by men of light  
and leading in their time.

The great Bishop Wilberforce a  
hundred years ago declared that, "I  
dare not marry; the future is so dark."  
The Duke of Wellington in 1851  
said, "I thank God I shall be spared  
from seeing the consummation of ruin  
gathering round me."

William Pitt bewailed, "There is  
scarcely anything round me but ruin  
and despair"; and Disraeli said, "In  
industry, commerce, and agriculture  
there is no hope."

*Croakers all, and all wrong.*

### A Prayer For These Restless Days

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our feverish ways;  
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and  
stress;  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

### The Tale the Poet Tells

THE poet doth not only show you  
the way, but giveth so sweet a  
prospect into the way as will entice  
any man to enter into it; nay, he doth,  
as if your journey should lie through a  
fair vineyard, at the very first give you  
a cluster of grapes, that full of that  
taste you may long to pass farther.  
He cometh to you with words set in  
delightful proportion, and with a tale,  
forsooth, he cometh unto you; with a  
tale which holdeth children from play,  
and old men from the chimney corner.

Sir Philip Sidney

### Tip-Cat



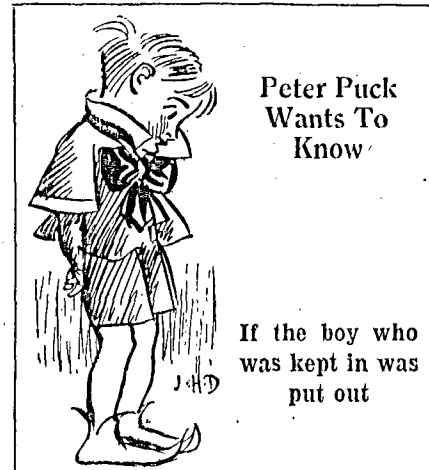
SOME children are not naughty,  
only nervous, says a writer.  
Perhaps they are nervous because  
they have been naughty.

WE read that hotel life is like a novel.  
Because there are plenty of pages,  
perhaps.

ROOF parties are popular. Guests have  
a high time.

SOME people are like human clocks,  
we read. If you bring them into your  
house they won't go.

A DISUSED barge makes an economical  
home. The occupants are often in  
low water.



Peter Puck  
Wants To  
Know

If the boy who  
was kept in was  
put out

AMBITION keeps a man moving. But if  
he is successful he can meet his  
creditors.

IN portraiture it is the expression that  
counts. The photographer likes to  
take a look.

GARDENERS enjoy a joke, says one of  
them. Like to have a dig at you.

A NEW species of apple which  
is as big as a melon has been  
grown in Kent. A round meal.



### THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

AN Aberdeen man in South Africa has  
left Aberdeen charities £100,000.

BURMA has passed a Bill to preserve its  
wild life and natural beauty.

A LONDON man has left £13,000 to  
charities.

### JUST AN IDEA

Odd, is it not, that the makers of our  
wireless sets have not found beauty yet?  
We do not remember seeing a single set  
that anyone would think of buying  
because it looked well.

## Harvest Time Shall Never Cease

Now the year is crowned with  
blessing

As we gather in the grain;  
And, our grateful thanks ex-  
pressing,  
Loud we raise a joyous strain.  
Bygone days of toil and sadness  
Cannot now our peace destroy,  
For the hills are clothed with  
gladness  
And the valleys shout for joy.

In the spring the smiling  
meadows  
Donned their robes of living  
green,  
As the sunshine chased the  
shadows  
Swiftly o'er the changing scene;  
In the summer-time the story  
Of a ripper hope was told;  
Then the rich autumnal glory  
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.

Shall not we, whose hearts are  
swelling  
With the thought of former days,  
Sing a joyous song foretelling  
Future gladness, fuller praise?  
For the cloud the bow retaineth  
With its covenant of peace,  
That, as long as earth remaineth,  
Harvest time shall never cease.

H. L. G.

## Kindness By the Way

By The Pilgrim

WE came upon a knot of holiday-  
makers at the seaside gathered  
round a very little errand-boy who  
was in trouble.

He had been on his way to deliver  
an order, and going round a corner  
his bicycle had skidded, the basket of  
groceries being upset. A big jar of  
jam was broken, and a dozen eggs lay  
in a sticky mess in the road. The tears  
were streaming down his face. "I  
daren't go back!" he sobbed.

Somebody picked up the bill. "Four  
and fivepence," she read out. Then  
she opened her bag and took out a  
shilling.

Instantly the people gathered round  
took the hint. They opened their bags  
or pushed their hands into their  
pockets. There were sixpences and  
coppers jingling in less than half a  
minute, and when the Shilling Lady  
counted it all up there was tenpence  
more than was needed. She handed it  
all over to the lad, saying, "You can  
go back to the shop now and pay for  
a fresh order—and the tenpence is for  
yourself," she added, with a smile.

The boy went off smiling all over  
his face. And the little crowd who  
had brought his sun out again looked  
every bit as happy!

## A Word From Shakespeare

The Tyrant

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;  
For violent fires soon burn out  
themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden  
storms are short;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast  
betimes

Richard the Second



## RUSSIA MOVING TOWARD THE POLE

### HALF THE ISLANDS OF THE ARCTIC

The Remarkable Work Now  
Being Done

#### 16 MEN, 5 WOMEN, AND A BABY

*It may be that history will attach great importance to a great piece of work Russia is now doing. It is one of the enterprises nations might well take in hand instead of wasting their energies in strife and war.*

Ten years ago Russia claimed the ownership of all lands, known and unknown, between her northern and Siberian coasts and the North Pole, and no country has disputed these rights.

Last autumn the C.N. reported what use Russia had been making of this remote and inhospitable region. The story had a romantic tinge, and was creditable to Russia as a nation.

#### New Siberian Ports

It told how last summer Russia was sending two merchant ships by the north-eastern passage through the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and two similar ships the reverse way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, calling at ports she has founded at the mouths of rivers on the cold and lonely Siberian coast. No ship had ever passed that way before 1878, and then the pioneer ship which first made the passage took two years to do it.

Last year's experiment was completely successful. One cannot but wonder whether this curiously elusive summer of 1936 will in any way affect the weather conditions of Arctic voyaging, but any way Russia is extending her experiments along the huge brink of the Northern Ocean. The two vessels that last summer went eastward from Europe to Vladivostok, the Pacific seaport, are now returning westward by the same route, and four ships are making the eastward Arctic voyage to Vladivostok.

#### Scientific Progress

Russia is energetically tackling the task of surveying, on scientific and commercial lines, the half of the Arctic Ocean which she claims as her own. Already she has six ice-breaking vessels stationed at intervals along her Siberian coast, and several scientific expeditions are being planned under the command of Professor Schmidt.

Last year it was reported that 38 ships were engaged in Arctic trade, and this year the number of ships has increased to "between 120 and 150."

The scientific work that is being done includes mapping and correcting the maps of the various island groups in the southern and eastern parts of the Arctic Ocean, a study of the comparative warmth of ocean currents, and the establishment of wireless and meteorological stations. A new wireless station is to be erected on one of the De Long Islands, north of the New Siberian group in the eastern part of the ocean.

#### A Future Air-Port?

The chief wireless station in the north is on Hooker Island, south of Franz Joseph Land, and another is to be erected on Prince Rupert Island, 100 miles nearer the North Pole.

The most active station, on Hooker Island, was originally worked by seven men, but now the community numbers 22, including five women and one baby, a girl—the only human being known to have been born on this land within 80 degrees of the Pole. The island includes two aeroplanes in its equipment and is regarded as being likely to become an air-port between Europe and America.

Russia deserves great credit for her development of her Asiatic northern fringe, but it would be interesting to know how many of those who are doing the work are there by their own will.

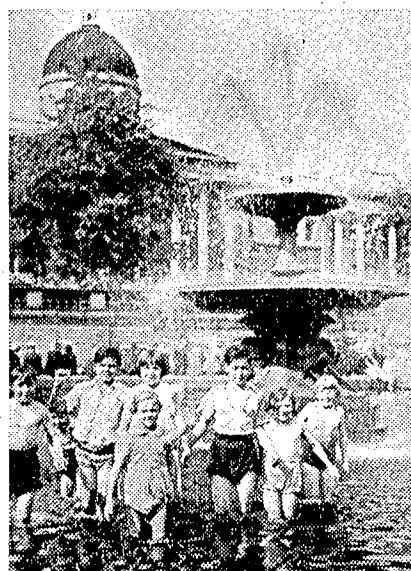
## Summer Days in London



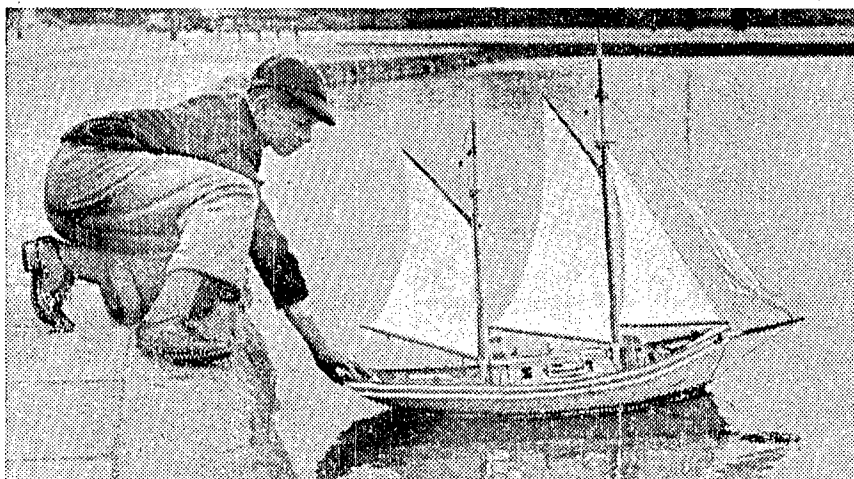
At the feet of the Sphinx on the Thames Embankment



The beach near Tower Bridge



Paddling in Trafalgar Square



A splendid model sailing-boat sets off on a voyage at Hampstead

## LIGHT ON DARK HORIZONS

### CECIL RHODES'S RULE

Let Us Look Back and Count  
Our Blessings

#### ENGLAND IN OTHER DAYS

When in trouble Cecil Rhodes used to say to himself, "Do the comparative," and, so saying, he would reflect that matters might be worse than he found them—that at least he was alive.

With the American drought and the shortage of wheat the prospects for the world's food supply look at first sight very menacing; but there is no cloud without its silver lining, and there is light even in this forbidding horizon. Having over-produced wheat in previous years, the world still has great reserves unsold. Without counting the coming harvest Canada has 130 million bushels safe in her elevators; there is a reserve in Argentina; and India has wheat to sell when prices induce its release.

#### Food Enough and To Spare

The Argentine crop will be harvested in December, a month after the golden fields of Australia come under the reaper. In spite of all there will be food enough and to spare.

We cannot realise what a priceless boon this represents to mankind unless we contrast present-day conditions in our own land with those our ancestors endured century after century. Following such a summer as we have experienced famine, and worse, would then have descended on the nation.

For our supplies were limited alike in the quantity and number of things produced. We had no sugar except from the bees; few fruits, no potatoes, no turnips, carrots, maize, beet, tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate; no quinine to check or cure the disabling ague from which most of our people suffered in large areas of undrained swampy country.

At the best all the cattle, sheep, and pigs which were not to be kept for stock had to be killed each autumn, put down in tubs of salt, and eaten, during the dark winter months, in a more or less unwholesome condition.

#### The Hard Lot of Our Ancestors

There were no countries abroad from which food could be obtained. The men who fought at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt never heard of America or Australia, and India was to them a region of fable. Such merchandise as came from India consisted, like that from China, of silks and gems and other luxuries. Food had to spring from our own fields or the people perished.

But the new lands brought new supplies, things never before heard of, the potato and maize among the most precious, tea and its rivals among the most comforting, and the first step toward temperate habits for a people which had had no alternative, in a land of foul drinking water, to the consumption of beer and wine.

Root crops, which the Dutch taught us to cultivate, afforded for the first time winter food for animals, and so enabled us to build up our herds and flocks.

#### Growing More Foodstuffs

We have increased the number and quantity of our growths of foodstuffs, and, if the weather plays us false, all the world lies open to us to replenish our stocks from fields of which the Plantagenets never heard. Nature has a thousand times hidden us die in these islands, and our people have survived.

Today, in spite of our weeping skies, in spite of our sodden fields with their rotting hay and downswamp crops, we do the comparative, as Cecil Rhodes did, and realise that the world is a better place than it was, and that we shall not starve or pine, but, drawing our needs from the world's wide granaries and orchards, live in comfort and security.



## THE GROWING SAFETY AT SEA All Nations Working Together

### WEATHER MAPS SENT BY WIRELESS

Fifteen thousand ships throughout the world are now fitted with wireless; an increasing number have facilities for the wireless telephone.

Many recent advances and improvements in wireless are contributing to make navigation safer, and it is a splendid thing to know that, as regards safety at sea at least, all nations are united and working in peaceful harmony for humanity.

By international agreement the frequency of 500 kilocycles is kept apart for calling and distress signals, with a guard band of 15 kilocycles. When distances of 1000 to 1500 miles have to be covered resort is being made to short waves. All day and night there are three-minute intervals twice each hour when all transmissions must cease, except calls for assistance, and during these silent periods every operator listens for the distress call S O S.

#### The Automatic Alarm

Many smaller vessels which carry only one wireless operator are being fitted with an automatic alarm, so that, while the operator is off duty, a watch is still kept for distress signals. This alarm is set going by the receipt of the special distress signals of twelve dashes given at equal intervals during one complete minute.

There are now 290 wireless beacons in different parts of the navigated world, which, again by international agreement, operate on wavelengths between 952 and 1053 metres. Ships can get their bearings so exactly by means of signals from these beacons, intercepted by their wireless compass, that in many countries there is a tendency for the smaller lighthouses to be disbanded. In parts of the United States coast these lighthouses are being sold to the public, and several of them have been turned into seaside homes!

#### A Map in Twenty Minutes

A growing service of sending weather maps to ships at sea by wireless is helping navigation too. These maps are 10 by 8 inches in size, and are transmitted by a type of instrument similar to that used for telegraphing photographs. The time taken to send such a map is twenty minutes.

In the ships themselves a noticeable improvement continues to be made not only in the main wireless equipments, but more especially in that of the lifeboats. All big passenger vessels carry at least one motor lifeboat, and many of these boats are equipped with easily worked sets which have a range of from 50 to 200 miles. They are watertight and are supplied with power from storage batteries kept fully charged with electricity in the boats on the davits by means of a trickle charge from the ship's supply. In one of the newest lifeboat equipments the installation is so arranged that a layman can operate it if there is no wireless man in the boat.

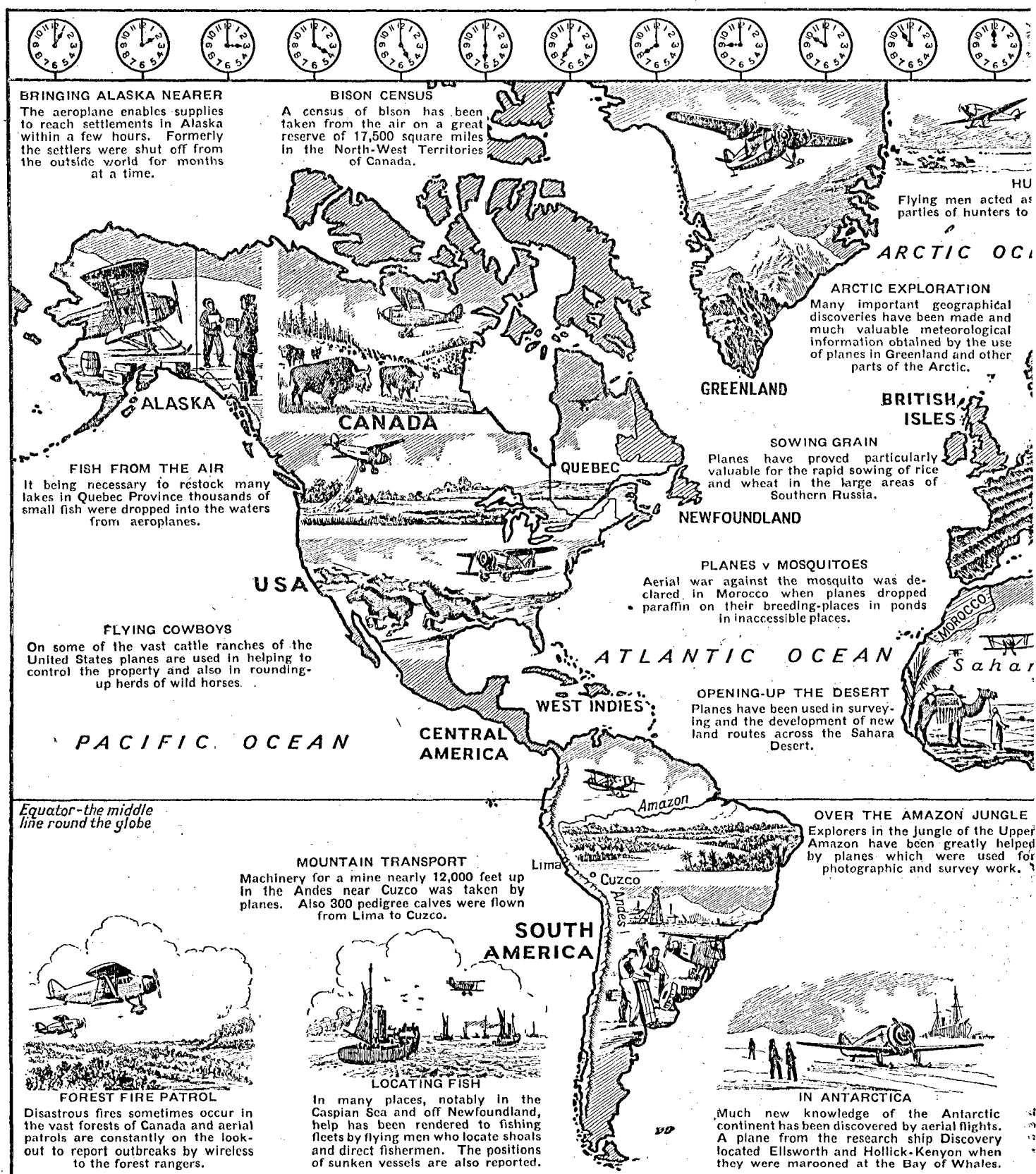
#### THE LONELIEST MUSEUM

Stone quarried by Roman workmen 2000 years ago has been used for the building of England's loneliest museum.

It is situated at Housesteads, on the Roman Wall, some miles north-west of Hexham in Northumberland.

The museum has been built by the National Trust to house exhibits excavated from the adjacent fort of Borcovicus. It can only be reached by a grass path across the bleak fells. The nearest village is four miles away.

## CN Picture Map Showing How the Aeroplane



## Plenty of Work For London

FIVE-YEARS work for 35,000 men has been assured by an Act passed at the end of last season. Under it Parliament has approved the big electrification schemes of the London Passenger Transport Board for the north of London.

The huge sum of £40,000,000 is to be spent and millions of people will benefit from the improvements and developments that are being put in hand. And, if the new stations are built on the lines of those constructed during the last big extension of the Underground, dignity and beauty will be added to that Greater London, which is spreading so rapidly over the countryside. There are, indeed, few stations which can equal that at Cockfosters, a northern terminus of the Underground, where every detail has been designed by a first-rate architect.

The first task to be undertaken is the re-boring of the tunnels on the Central

London line, which are in places as much as eight inches out of alignment. One of the first of its kind to be constructed, this railway was for years familiarly known from its uniform fare as the Twopenny Tube. Its platforms are to be lengthened so that the system of running will be equal to that on the rest of the Underground group. The work will take two years and cost £250,000.

The line will be extended through Stratford and Leytonstone to Newbury Park near Ilford in one direction, and in the other to Ruislip.

Other features of the scheme are the electrification of the L N E R suburban lines to Shenfield, Edgware, High Barnet, and the Alexandra Palace, and the extension of the Underground from Highgate to Finchley.

Many miles of tramways are to be converted into trolleybus routes in connection with this scheme.

## The Plane

THE aeroplane is very much in the news today, with the nations almost without exception building up huge armies of the air.

But the aeroplane is far from being solely a weapon of war. Although the war of 18 years ago emphasised the vast possibilities of man's new-found power to emulate the birds, progress since then has been enormous and the world is now covered by a network of airlines along which passengers and mails are carried in a few hours long distances which once occupied days.

Vast areas of unknown forests, jungles, and other wastes have been surveyed and mapped from the air in many parts of the world. There are a thousand and one ways in which the aeroplane has proved, and is proving, its great value to man, and some of these are shown on the C N Map this week.

Explorers have been glad of the aeroplane's help in places as vastly different as the Sahara, the Amazon jungles, and the icy wastes of Antarctica; and so far the only means of conquering Everest has been from the air. Search has been made for gold and other minerals as well as for remains of



# How Air is Helping Mankind All Over the World



## THE HEARTHTRUG NO CINDER CAN BURN And Safety-Curtains For the Home

### ASBESTOS MOULDED TO MANY NEEDS

The asbestos stand for the flat-iron and the asbestos mat under the pot to keep it from cooking too fast are known to most of us.

Also every theatregoer is used to watching a safety-curtain slowly descend during the interval and as slowly rise again. It is made of asbestos. We know that the great virtue of asbestos is that it does not burn like celluloid, but its habit of flaking off has for long been a disadvantage that has limited its usefulness in our everyday lives.

At an exhibition recently held in London Mr Holliday, manager of a well-known asbestos manufacturing firm, demonstrated man's new mastery over this mineral. He showed first the crude asbestos as it comes from Rhodesia, flaked some of it off with his finger, and described the way in which it is compressed for the uses we know of. Then he displayed the new triumphs—woven asbestos materials, pleasant in colour and design, washable, and of course absolutely fireproof.

#### Reducing Fire Hazards

What a blessing to have an asbestos hearthrug in the nursery! What a fine new field it opens for fireguard manufacturers! Dungarees of asbestos will enable a man to walk through fire. Asbestos gloves are a blessing on baking day, and are already widely used in the electrical trades, in steel mills, and in motor works.

The racing motorist should wear an asbestos suit. An accident that drenches his clothing with petrol does not necessarily mean that it will burst into flame. The curtains and upholstery in an airliner could well be made of this material to diminish the fire hazard for the passengers.

#### The Chief Drawback

One of the most useful contrivances Mr Holliday demonstrated was a small asbestos curtain to do for the home, the hospital, the ship, and the school what the asbestos curtain does for the theatre: prevent an outbreak of fire in one part from being carried by draughts to the whole building before anybody has time to think. These small asbestos curtains, just wide enough for a passage or stairway, are concealed in neat cases. A temperature of 120 releases the spring and down they come; it is like closing a flue in a chimney. A person caught on the wrong side is not imprisoned. The curtain is so arranged that it will open to let him through and close again afterwards.

The chief drawback to this new device is that the material is still so expensive that we hesitate to say that every home in England should have asbestos hearthrugs. The good woollen ones with the old cinder marks on them can do duty for a time longer. Nevertheless, by the time our readers are thinking of furnishing nurseries for their children, we believe that woven asbestos materials will be within the reach of all.

#### SIR HENRY J.

The Promenade Concerts have been conducted for over forty years by Sir Henry Wood. By that name we have always known and called him, unmindful of the fact that his second name is Joseph.

It sounds very strange, then, seeing that he has been for years a broadcaster, the most famous of all our regular artists on the ether, to hear the B B C call him in its announcements "Sir Henry J. Wood."

## 1001 Uses

prehistoric dinosaur and the sites of lost cities. The aeroplane has proved efficient in war—in war against man's enemies the locust and the malarial squito, and other pests—and against the terror of a volcano, as when bombs were dropped to divert the flow of lava streams from Mauna Loa. In Australia and Alaska particularly many lives have been saved by the rapid transport of sick and injured people from remote places to hospitals hundreds of miles away; and it was in Alaska last winter that an airline pilot flew 700 miles and back in nine hours, with the temperature 45 degrees below zero, to fetch serum needed for an outbreak of scarlet fever at Fairbanks. Oil dropped from a plane on to untamable seas off North Africa made possible the rescue of a sailor who had fallen overboard. The value of the forest fire patrol was illustrated again only last month when three big fires raged in the Lewis and Clark National Forest in Montana. Nearly a thousand men were engaged in fighting the flames, and planes equipped with wireless gave helpful advice. Supplies for the fire-fighters were dropped from the air.

## John Wesley's Birthplace is in Danger

JOHN WESLEY's birthplace at Epworth is sadly in need of repair.

The wide overhanging eaves and the old roof timbers of the rectory are in danger of collapsing. Pieces of the eaves have crashed to the ground, and the wet summer has brought matters to a crisis, for the rain pours through the roof and cascades down the staircases.

Fortunately the main structure, though dilapidated, is strongly built, and the Rev Mordaunt Burrows, the rector, is appealing for £850 to restore the building.

It was only by a lucky chance that John Wesley, who was born in 1703, was spared to carry out his stupendous life-work, for when Epworth Rectory was burned down by the villagers, who had a grudge against his father, little John was forgotten in the confusion. Then somebody remembered that he was in the burning building, and he was

rescued just in time. A few minutes later and it would have been impossible to save him.

Samuel Wesley, John's father, who became rector in 1695 and lies in the churchyard, was unpopular with the villagers, most of whom were sailmakers. In 1702 they made an unsuccessful attempt to burn down the rectory, and two years later they burned all his flax. The damaged rectory was rebuilt, only to be set on fire again when little John had his narrow escape. The contents of the house were destroyed and with them the church register, so that the birth dates of some of the Wesley children are uncertain.

John was a 15th child, and Charles, who was born in 1707 at the rectory, rebuilt as it is now, was the 18th. It was when John was five that his mother gave him only one day in which to learn the alphabet.



## WHY NYASA LADS LEAVE HOME

### A TRAGIC TALE

Where Taxes Come To More  
Than the Year's Earnings

### TAKING THE MEN FROM THE VILLAGES

Tragic times have come on Nyasaland since that September morning in 1859 when Livingstone and his brother Charles stood with Sir John Kirk and Edward Rae on the shore of Lake Nyasa, the first white men to look on these vast inland waters.

The land following the 300-mile western shore of the lake, with land to the south of it, became a British Protectorate in 1891. A long, lean country it looks on the map, and that our protection in recent years has failed to prevent long, lean years for the natives is sadly proved by the report of a Committee on why so many are seeking work outside the Protectorate.

#### Uncontrolled Emigration

The Committee was appointed by the Governor, who with a Legislative Council rules this bit of our Empire under the Colonial Office. The men on the Committee were residents in Nyasaland, yet they confess in the opening of their report: As our investigations proceeded we became more and more aware that this uncontrolled and growing emigration brought misery and poverty to hundreds and thousands of families.

They go on to say that if the reasons for it are not soon stopped "the moral, social, and physical life of our native population will be so affected that any attempts by missions, Government, or other agencies to maintain, let alone to improve upon, the present low standard of health and happiness will be abortive. The Nyasaland-born natives will have acquired a complete mistrust in and loathing for administration by the white people."

#### Cause of the Evil

The Committee had not far to seek the main cause of the evil. It lies in the Government tax imposed on the natives. And the same cause and consequences have been brought to light in Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland.

In Nyasaland every owner of a hut, male or female, must pay 6s in cash each year, and every adult male not liable to hut tax must pay a poll tax of the same amount. If the 6s is not paid before a certain date it becomes 9s. The Committee found that a group of natives paid £18,379 in tax in one year, yet the same year they only earned in cash £14,000.

This exodus of young men from the home is completely disorganising the native life. The whole burden of home and children and garden falls on women, left often without money. Wives see their husbands leave to earn money for taxes, and never know when, if ever, they will see them again. With the men go authority and control in the village, and the result is sickness, unhappiness, and unrest. From 50 to 60 per cent of the young men are continuously out of the country seeking work in mines and industries elsewhere.

#### Proposed Remedies

It is true that they also go to seek Bride Money, another evil which has crept in with the white people, cash down being demanded instead of cattle. There are others who travel for sheer adventure; but the main cause lies in that sum of about £129,000 for native hut and poll taxes, the biggest item in the Protectorate's revenue. The Committee has a way out. Its recommendations are:

*Revise the taxes, control emigration, and let the natives get back to the land, which is not something to be exploited piecemeal, but is the sole capital of the Protectorate.*

## THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD

### Plague Rats That Cross the Sea

There is a section of the report of Dr C. F. White, medical officer of health for the Port of London, which makes welcome reading. He states that fewer rats are arriving in the ships coming to our ports, and that the task of ridding such ships of their deadly invaders becomes increasingly easy.

This does not mean that there are fewer rats in the world, but that precautionary measures are now observed at the ports of nations who are parties to an international agreement on rats.

The latest estimate of the damage wrought by rats in England amounts to 90 million sterling a year, but, deplorable and inexcusable as that is, it is trivial compared with the damage these vermin used to cause.

All the terrible visitations of plague of which we read in history were due to

### MUSSOLINI CALLING

#### Italy and the Sword

WE are confronted by an Italy, nationalist, conservative, clerical, which claims to make the sword its law and the army the school of the nation.

We had foreseen this moral perversion, and, for that reason, are not surprised by it. But those who think this preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are mightily mistaken.

Strong peoples have no need to give themselves up to such a stupid orgy as that in which the Italian Press is now letting itself go with mad exaltation. Strong peoples have some sense of measure. Italy, nationalist and militarist, shows that it lacks this sense.

Thus it comes almost that a miserable war of conquest is acclaimed as if it were a Roman triumph.

Benito Mussolini in the Italian paper *Avanti* on the Italian conquest of Tripoli in 1913

rats. The reservoir of the malady is in the Far East, with the marmots of Manchuria as perhaps the ultimate source. Had there been no ships plague might never have reached us, although Europe, reached by the long caravan routes from Asia, was always an open gateway.

Yet the first known attempt to prevent rats from entering or remaining in a ship was not prompted by desire to save life. It was an Admiralty instruction which said:

Every precaution must be taken to prevent or destroy the rats, as often as convenient. A boat should be laid alongside with a gangway of green boughs laid from the hold to her, and a drum kept going below in the vessel for one or more nights; and, as poison will constantly be used to destroy them and cockroaches, the crew must not complain if some of them die in the ceiling and make an unpleasant smell.

Who could guess the occasion of that notice? It was issued, in the interests of plants, to the officers and crew of the *Bounty* before she set sail under William Bligh to transport the bread-fruit plant from the Pacific to the West Indies, an expedition which led to the famous mutiny and the colonisation of Pitcairn Island by men who beat the drums to scare the rats.

## FROM PACKHORSE TO MOTOR AGE

### Widening a Medieval Bridge

Since medieval days five grey stone arches have carried the road between Ashbourne and Mayfield, from Derbyshire into Staffordshire, over the Dove.

This Hanging Bridge, as it is called, though it is not our idea of a hanging bridge, was only 10 feet wide at first, for it was made in the days of pack-horses. Nearly 200 years ago Derbyshire and Staffordshire joined together to widen it to 18 feet, adding the width only on one side so that the old arches remained.

And now the two counties have again joined together to widen this bridge which links them, and again the medieval arches have been allowed to remain, so that this bridge represents the skill of three generations of builders, medieval, 18th century, and 20th century—the packhorse age, the carriage age, and the motor age.

Motors had made the narrow bridge very dangerous, and even while the widening was going on two got out of control on Swinscoe Hill and crashed at the bridge. Now they will have more room, and the pedestrian who found this narrow strait between the two counties a most dangerous crossing will be able to walk in greater safety. At the same time the Office of Works has seen that the beauty of the old arches was not entirely destroyed.

### A FARMER'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

A drought-stricken Arkansas farmer has made a small fortune out of his misfortune.

The small fortune began with a mistake. The penniless farmer applied to the Government for relief, and the local administrator decided that the best thing to do would be to buy him a team of mules.

The local administrator's clerk instead of buying mules sent 250 dollars direct to the farmer, who thought that Utopia was at hand and the so-called Townsend plan of supporting everyone over 60 with 250 dollars a month was working.

He hastened to the nearest town with the money and laid out 100 dollars at once in buying a battered old merry-go-round which played tunes and was just the thing for election meetings.

He toured the local Presidential election gatherings with his mistake, and money rolled in on him for the performances.

Now he has paid back the 250 dollars, bought a latest model merry-go-round, and opened a bank account.

### A SWEET HOUSE

A curious accident happened the other day in a New York suburb.

A schoolmaster decided to paint his house, and he bought some paint and some thinning ingredient to mix with it. Unfortunately there was a can of maple sugar syrup in the cellar where he had put his painting materials, and when he began his work he took up the syrup can by mistake and thinned the paint with it.

He got up very early and painted the front of the house, and then went off to school. When he returned in the evening swarms of bees, flies, and insects were plastered all over the house, having been attracted by the sweetness, and of course stuck to the paint.

### To Mothers Everywhere

*A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.*

## THE 14 POINTS THAT ENDED THE WAR

### One By One They Go A MELANCHOLY LIST

The Great War ended with Germany's acceptance of President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points as the basis of a Peace Treaty.

Let us remind ourselves of the Fourteen, and see what has become of them after 18 years.

1. **Diplomacy to be Open.**  
*Found to be impracticable.*
2. **Seas to be Free.**  
*We stipulated that this must be excluded.*
3. **Trade to be Free.**  
*Thrown overboard by all nations, even by Britain, late champion of Free Trade.*
4. **Armaments to be Reduced.**  
*Armaments now bigger than ever.*
5. **Free, open-minded, absolutely impartial adjustment of all Colonial claims.**  
*All colonies taken away from Germany.*
6. **Russia to be Welcomed into the League.**  
*Russia is now actually a member.*
7. **Belgium to be Restored.**  
*This was done.*
8. **Alsace-Lorraine to be Restored to France.**  
*This was done.*
9. **Italy's Frontiers to be Readjusted.**  
*This was done.*
10. **Austro-Hungarian Peoples to be Free.**  
*This was done, but clumsily, and both Austria and Hungary suffer injustice.*
11. **Balkan States to be Revised.**  
*Done, but Montenegro was wiped out, Serbia exalted, and Bulgaria crushed.*
12. **Turkey's Boundaries to be Revised: Dardanelles to be Freed.**  
*Turkey was reformed, but the Dardanelles is now militarised.*
13. **Poland to have Independence.**  
*Done, but grave differences created with Germany.*
14. **League of Nations to be Established.**  
*This was done.*

We may summarise this melancholy list by saying that only five of the fourteen points were carried out properly.

## THE FIRST MUSIC

### Plain-Song From St Paul's

With the organ at Westminster Abbey under repair for the Coronation (and only a piano in the Abbey!) we now have weekly broadcasts of evensong from St Paul's, affording millions of people an example of what plain-song can be when given by a brilliant choir of men's voices.

Plain-song is music sung in unison without strictly measured time. Sung in Sir Christopher Wren's great fane, it links our services with those of the Hindu chanting in India and the Mohammedan singing the Koran. The music of Solomon's temple was plain-song; the first music sung by the choruses in the immortal dramas of classical Greece were plain-song.

When plain-song was the normal mode of writing music men had not learned to write harmony. That was a refinement of later ages. Men may have harmonised during the course of their singing, but no music was written for a second or third voice. So, in listening to the tenors, basses, and altos singing in unison at St Paul's, we know how the captive Israelites rendered their psalms and hymns of praise when their captors in Babylon said to them, "Sing us one of the songs of Sion."

Shakespeare calls the cuckoo's outpouring plain-song—an excellent comparison. But he had boys to sing his music; boys but no women. There were no actresses in his day: Lady Macbeth, Ophelia, Juliet, Cleopatra, Rosalind, Portia, and all the other parts for women were played by boys. The songs Shakespearean actresses sing today were sung by boys when Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers heard the first performances of the poet's plays.



## THE CELESTIAL LIZARD

### Region Rich in Stars Now Overhead

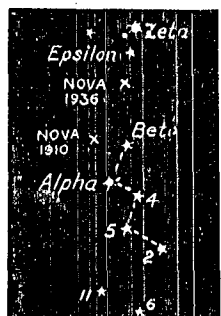
### OUTBURSTS THAT RADIATE SUNS AWAY

By the C N Astronomer

The small constellation of Lacerta, the celestial Lizard, is now almost overhead late in the evening, so its group of rather faint stars may be observed to the best advantage.

It is of particular interest this year owing to the presence of the Nova, or New Star, which was seen on June 18 last to be blazing up, and so repeating the stellar outburst observed in 1910 when a Nova blazed out a little way south of this year's Nova, in the position shown on the star-map.

The Lizard as a constellation was invented by the astronomer Hevelius and published in 1690. Its stars may be



The chief stars of Lacerta, the crosses indicating the Novae

found a little way to the north-west of the Northern Cross, described last week, the five chief stars of Lacerta, all of about fourth magnitude, forming a small replica of the W arrangement of the stars of Cassiopeia.

If looked at through field-glasses the entire region of Lacerta will be found to be very rich in stars, while the radiant glow produced by the innumerable suns of the Milky Way may be seen on a dark night.

Of chief interest among the nearer stars is the star numbered 2 on the star-map. This is composed of two suns of the very hot helium type at a distance of about 88 light-years from us.

Now, since these two suns are at an average distance apart of only some 3,600,000 miles, their surfaces cannot be more than a million miles apart; so it is as if we had two suns together in the sky with only the space for another, not quite so large, between them.

They whirl round in their small orbits in the short space of about 2 days 12 hours. Though considerably larger, they are much less massive than our Sun, the two amounting to only .87 of our Sun's mass. They are 5,570,000 times farther away than our Sun, and they speed round a central point between them at about 50 miles a second.

Alpha in Lacerta is a sun at a distance of 96 light-years, and Beta in Lacerta, a much larger sun, is 192 light-years distant; but the star numbered 5 is a giant sun of enormous dimensions which radiates upward of 1000 times more light and heat than our Sun, though 68,733,000 times farther away.

#### Two Stars From One?

The New Star, which on June 20 was of second magnitude, is now of nearly seventh, and so needs glasses to glimpse it. The stars Zeta and Epsilon in Cepheus will enable its exact position to be located. This celestial furnace, which blazed up to something like a hundred-thousand times its original output of light and heat, has speedily died down; but great interest is being taken to see if two stars emerge from the colossal catastrophe, as in the case of Nova Herculis.

The other Nova in Lacerta, that of 1910, was originally a faint star of 13.5 magnitude and 272 light-years distant; then it blazed up to fifth magnitude, but has dwindled to below fourteenth magnitude. It appears therefore to have radiated much of itself away as the result of its outburst. G. F. M.

## TUMBLEDOWN TAXIS

### Take Them Off the Roads

All the old London taxicabs come out in the summer to take our visitors to see the sights.

It is their harvest-time, for one of the peculiarities of the ancient taxi is that by going slow it can turn a two-shilling fare into a half-crown one. This feat requires some practice, but it can be done.

The life of the better sort of taxi is about seven years, and after ten the police call it up to see how it runs. Last year they found that over 11,000 ought to be on the retired list; but, judging by some which still cumber the streets and the cab ranks, old taxis, like old soldiers, never die.

The old drivers cling to their old cabs because they must. They have not been licensed to drive the newer types, and sometimes their cabs are their own, an investment made years ago. They cannot sell them, and they are loth to part with their means of livelihood.

These things help to keep the tumble-down taxi going, though it goes so slowly and rattles on its way worse than some of our London buses. It is a depressing sight from within as from without, but the chief reasons why it will have to go sooner or later are that it is unfair to the passenger who hails it and unfair to the other traffic of the streets.

If safety first is our guiding principle the tumble-down motor-car in being taken off the roads and put out of the way.

## A RAILWAY PROBLEM

### The Roads Pick the Traffic

In the days when our export trade was cherished as our chief possession British railways were compelled to carry coal and iron at practically cost price.

Thus it came about that in 1934 the railways carried 174 million tons of coal at an average rate of about 3s 7d a ton, to say nothing of hauling the empty trucks.

That was not so hard when the railways had much other and more profitable trade; but road transport came along to pick the best traffic and leave the least profitable lines to the railways. This is the main problem of the railways today, and it is difficult to know how to remedy the grievance.

*Would it not be possible for our energetic Minister of Transport to remove some of the heavy traffic from the roads and compel it to go by rail?*

## THE ROOSEVELT WAY

### More Work For Millions

In the last three years America's unemployed have fallen by five millions, and the profits of business firms have risen by nearly 1300 per cent.

As the New Deal began three years ago it cannot be denied that this recovery has coincided with Mr Roosevelt's legislation, which has so often been denounced by his opponents as ruinous to the country.

### 1 2 3

**338,604** Civil Servants were employed by the Government at the beginning of April.

**707,760** fog signals have been ordered by the L N E R.

**45,985,353** tons was the British coal output in 1934.

**£675,000** was the increase in wages of railway workers in Great Britain last year.

**£3,000,000** in cash transactions is handled by the G P O every day.

**£94,530,000** represents the earnings of the four main railway companies in the first 32 weeks of this year.

## NAZIS AFRAID OF A CHILD

### Proposed School Ban on Jewish Pupils

One of the extraordinary events which history will hardly believe is the spectacle of a great nation of 60,000,000 people afraid of 600,000 Jews.

Now it seems that the Nazis are afraid of a little child. Dr Walter Scharrer, who is apparently not quite sane where Jews are concerned, urges in his Nazi paper that all Jewish pupils should be excluded from secondary schools.

In his fantastic reasoning he tries to show the injury one Jewish child remaining in a class can do to the exalted Nazi ideals. Its very presence is a stumbling-block to proper Nazi instruction, he says. How can the class including it be brought to a proper pitch of racial pride and race consciousness?

We are made to picture this Jewish child's presence keeping the class from drinking in all that is told about the crimes committed against the world by the Jews and the Jewish spirit.

Such a child, devoid of any spark of honour or of any feeling of tact which should make him feel he ought to go, succeeds, simply by staying where he is, in turning the tables on his teacher.

This teacher, consumed with zeal, may, we are told, unsheath the Nazi sword, quote the Talmud and the crimes of the Bible patriarchs to show what shocking things the Jewish race has done from the beginning. He may miss no opportunity of instilling into good little Nazi boys contempt for the foreign parasite.

#### The Boy in the Back Row

But it is all to no purpose, says the great Dr Scharrer, while at the farthest desk in the room sits in wicked obstinacy a little Jewish urchin, the helpless target of all the attacks on world Jews. He cannot answer back; he sits there, choking back his tears.

This is Dr Walter Scharrer's own picture of the scene, and we can hardly imagine the state of mind of one who, in drawing it, does not see where it leads him in his denunciation. He admits that the spectacle may even bring the chivalrous German boys to champion the little outcast's cause, and we think he is right.

It is not the German Jew boy who comes out victorious from the silent struggle with the patriotic school-teacher, who may even feel compelled to give up the task of using the lesson as a vehicle for anti-Jewish instruction.

The victory is with the decent spirit which dwells among all boys, whether Jews or Germans.

## OBJECTS IN OUTLINE

### C N Competition Result

Only one reader sent in a correct list of all the objects shown in outline in C N Competition Number 6. She is Margaret Cadney, 23 Roundwood Road, Ipswich, and she receives a prize of ten shillings.

The remaining prize money has been divided among the sixteen readers with the next best attempts, half-a-crown each being awarded to:

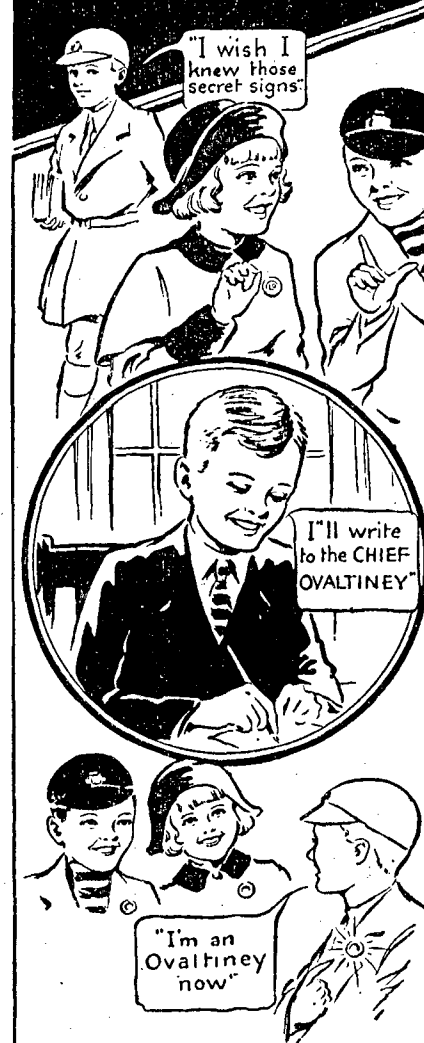
Stephen Alcock, Liverpool; Winnie Allen, Rye; Frank Brown, Clapham Park; Hilda Burton, Burnley; C. Cheesman, Guildford; Anthony Dormer, Ewelme, Oxford; Doris Ellwood, Blackpool; Thomas Foy, Middleton, near Manchester; Kathleen Hardie, Teddington; Dorothy Newlands, Horwich, Lancs; L. Penrice, Wakefield; Jean Pottinger, Deerness, Orkney; P. M. Purcell, Farnham; Mary Ruderman, Tettenhall, Staffs; Donald Smith, Billingham-on-Tees; Margaret Wheat, Castleton.

The eighteen objects were:

Badminton racket, bicycle bell, camel, camera, carpet-sweeper, coat-hanger, egg-cup, hammer, moth, peaches, prawn, safety-razor, scales, scissors, stepladder, stool, violin, wheelbarrow.

There are other interesting competitions coming in the C N. Please tell your friends about them.

## Do YOU know the secrets of the LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS?



DON'T be left out of the tremendous fun and amusement which many thousands of boys and girls, in all parts of the country, are having with the secret high-signs, signals and code of the League of Ovaltineys. Make up your mind now to be an Ovaltiney, too.

### SEND THE COUPON

and get the Official Rule-book and learn how you can join the League of happy Ovaltineys and obtain the handsome bronze badge of membership.

## POST THIS TO-DAY

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,  
184 Queen's Gate,  
London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

Name.....

..... Age .....

Address.....

Children's Newspaper, 29.8.36 (Write in BLOCK letters)



## ROADS TO PROSPERITY

### Waiting To Be Built WHILE MEN ARE PAID TO DO NOTHING

No, says the industrialist, I could not think of starting works or branches in West Cumberland.

When pressed for the reason why he cannot produce goods on one of the cheapest sites in England, where labour is to be had in plenty, where climate and scenery and natural wealth are as good as anywhere, the industrialist falls back on vague prejudices, for, as the Commissioner for the Distressed Areas has pointed out, there is no insurmountable obstacle standing in the way.

And the industrialist clinches the matter with: "No. It is not to be thought of. Why, look at the roads!"

### Ten Thousand Men Growing Weak

Yes, let us look at them. Certainly, the roads are not what industrialists would need for their lorries; but let us look at something else at the same time—at that long line of derelict mining villages where over ten thousand men are losing their strength because they have no work to keep themselves fit.

Most of them are used to handling the pickaxe. They could make roads as well as they can hew coal. The roads would open up prosperity for them.

But do we say, "All right. Build the roads and we will pay you for building them, and when they are built we will do all we can to encourage industries to settle here and continue to find work for you?"

No! We prefer to pay men for doing nothing.

Even the Commissioner for the Distressed Areas, who is supposed to be allowed a very wide discretion in spending the money allotted to him, cannot give a penny toward the making of a new road, even if it is an essential part in some development scheme, for road money is already an item in the Chancellor's budget, and the Commissioner's grants must not supplement those of any other Government Department.

### A Vision of West Cumberland

Mr Powys Greenwood has been writing on this subject in The Times, and we are interested in his account of a well-known industrialist's vision of West Cumberland.

*He stayed with me for a holiday week-end (says Mr Greenwood). He looked at the obviously fertile soil and thought of canning factories; he saw the great steel plant at Workington and wondered why no secondary industries had developed to work up the steel produced; he heard that the Whitehaven Coal Mine was one of the best in the country and expressed surprise that no mining concern could be found to open it; he saw the little Herdwick sheep with their short hard durable wool and thought of a domestic industry round a central organisation to produce swimsuits and pullovers; he heard of the men at Cleator Moor who have worked without pay for over nine months learning to make the most charming wooden toys, and saw here the potential basis of a toy industry like that in Bavaria; and he was astonished that nobody had established shoe factories to work up the excellent leather produced by the Whitehaven and Maryport tanneries.*

Yet, says Mr Greenwood, if you tell a Cumbrian business man that Cumberland is a grand place with endless possibilities, that with energetic and intelligent handling of the labour and the natural resources available there is no reason why it should not regain its prosperity on new lines, he will probably shake his head, for up there men have lost heart.

It is for new men with vigour and vision to seize this great opportunity and it is for the Government to open up the roads for them.

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

### If it is Next Week

Aug. 30. Theodoric the Great died at Ravenna 526  
31. John Bunyan died in London . . . 1638  
Sept. 1. Transvaal annexed by Britain . . . 1900  
2. Great Fire of London began . . . 1666  
3. Matthew Boulton born at Birmingham . . . 1728  
4. French Republic established . . . 1870  
5. Malta captured by the British . . . 1800

### Matthew Boulton

Matthew Boulton was a successful Birmingham manufacturer and clever inventor who had enough faith and foresight to risk the fortune he had made and enable James Watt, his partner, to produce the first steam engine.



Matthew Boulton

Boulton was trying to use steam for factory power at his Soho works near Birmingham when he met Watt and realised that Watt had the right ideas. So he backed Watt with all his resources till success was attained, and the Soho works became the world's chief engineering shop.

Boulton had many inventions of his own, including the presses used for minting the copper coinage.

He was a genuine "captain of industry," scientific and artistic, generous and public minded.

## THE SECRET OF THE GLASS EYE

England can now make glass eyes for the thousands who need them, including her soldiers partially blinded in the war.

This is a triumph for our scientific glassmakers, and for the Ministry of Pensions which fathered a new inquiry into the material of the glass.

There are many kinds of chemical, optical, and special glass, and because the German makers were more highly skilled and better organised England leaned on them for supplies.

Our best makers learned how to produce these glasses, but Germany could make them cheaper. The composition of eye glass, and the peculiar properties which simplify its tinting, and the painting on it of veining, remained a trade secret.

Till three years ago we had to be content to pay the German price, but the supply from Germany was stopped because of the prohibition against the export of raw material. Our supplies thus fell very low.

But necessity is the mother of invention. England had to make her own eye glass, and now the makers have found a formula for the glass which is all that is required, and it is less in price than the German article.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of August 1911

**A New Discovery About Great Britain.** Great Britain is constantly varying in size. We dwell on an island whose head is above the sea but whose foot is in the water, and the sea, for ever dashing against its sides, worries and frets and drills our coasts in places until great masses disappear into the ocean. So serious is this destruction of coast in places that whole villages have been swept away, and on a calm day the walls of what once were churches and houses can be seen out at sea.

People have naturally been alarmed at the ravages of the sea, and so a body of experts, in the form of a Royal Commission, has been inquiring into the whole subject. Royal Commissions do not hurry; this one began its work five years ago and has now presented its report. The result of its inquiry is surprising. During the last 35 years Great Britain has lost 66,400 acres, all washed into the waves.

## FRIENDS

David and Jonathan, Pyramus and Thisbe, Damon and Pythias, they are known the world over. Johnson with his faithful Boswell; Tennyson who wrote so finely of his friend Arthur Hallam; Dante and Beatrice; these were friendships which have enriched the world.

It was because his friend with whom he was walking was killed by lightning that Luther's thoughts were turned to the great mission which brought about the Reformation.

We lose half the joy of living if we have no one with whom to share the adventure; and without a friend we are lonely indeed.

### Charles Kingsley's Inspirer

When Elizabeth Barrett Browning asked Kingsley what was the secret of his life, and how it had come to be so beautiful, he replied, "I had a friend."

*The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,*

*Crapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,*

wrote Shakespeare; and La Rochefoucauld once wrote, "A true friend is the greatest of all blessings."

To Richard Graves, who lived in the 18th century, we owe the saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Sir James Barrie tells us how he met Robert Louis Stevenson one winter's day in 1879 in Edinburgh. "As I was crossing Princes Street I ran against another wayfarer," he says. "Looking up, I saw that he was a young man of exceeding tenuity of body, and that he was wearing a velvet jacket. He passed on, but he had bumped against me, and I stood in the middle of the street, regardless of the traffic, and glared contemptuously after him.

"He must have grown conscious of this, because he turned round and looked at me. I continued to glare. He went on a bit, and turned round again. I was still glaring, and he came back and said to me, quite clearly: After all, God made me.

"I said: He is getting careless.

"He lifted his cane, and then, instead, he said: Do I know you?

"He said it with such extraordinary charm that I replied wistfully: No, but I wish you did."

It is a lovely example of the way in which what might have been a quarrel ended in mutual admiration.

### The Supreme Sacrifice

"Greater love hath no man than this," said Jesus, "that he lay down his life for his friend." In all ages and in all countries men have made the supreme sacrifice, giving up their own lives for the sake of those they loved most, as gallant Captain Oates went out to die in the Antarctic, hoping to give his companions a chance of getting back to the depot.

At York they tell the story of Colonel Morris, a Royalist of Charles Stuart's day, who was basely betrayed and imprisoned with his friend Blackburn. They were condemned to death, but one night they managed to climb through the window of their cell and lower themselves down the wall. Morris got down safely, but his friend Blackburn fell and broke his leg. For one there was no chance of escape, for the other there was a prospect of freedom; but Morris stood by his friend, dying with him on the scaffold a day or two later.

"Henceforth," said Jesus, at the end of His ministry, "I call you not servants but friends."

## THE HEALTHY TOWN

### What is Bermondsey Up To Now?

What Bermondsey does today it is to be hoped many municipal authorities will do tomorrow; so that the New Clinic this most advanced of London boroughs is building is of interest to us all.

We believe it is the first central municipal clinic in England. The end of October should see the opening of this building, which is to bring together most of Bermondsey's excellent health services instead of allowing them to remain scattered here and there in ill-adapted houses. As Bermondsey's enthusiastic Medical Officer (Dr D. M. Connan) puts it, one might call the building the clinical headquarters of the borough's Public Health Department.

### Providing Extra Sunlight

Here will come whoever needs teeth or feet attended to. Bermondsey has had municipal dental clinics for some time, and opened in 1930 the first municipal foot clinic in the country—a godsend for its people, who are mostly workers, and are on their feet all day long. Many other treatments will be provided, and here also will come the borough's tubercular patients, who have since 1926 had their own Solarium, where 30,000 a year enjoy a bit of extra sunlight.

Bermondsey took away the breath of other authorities when it started sending patients to Switzerland for treatment; but this is only one example of the way its enlightened council searches every Act to see how far it can serve its people.

### A Good Use For the Kinema

One of the ways in which Bermondsey leads is in its recognition that education must come before reform. Bermondsey is always teaching its people—by talks and lectures, advertisements and leaflets, by certificates in hygiene for the school-children, by open-air meetings, lantern slides, and films, the films being shown in the schoolrooms or in the streets and courtyards from the borough's own kinema van.

They were ahead of the film producers in this, and could not at first get any suitable films, so, nothing daunted, the Public Health Department added film-producing to its many activities.

One of the striking tributes to Bermondsey's methods is that last year, when the maternal mortality average for England was over four deaths in every thousand, not one Bermondsey mother died while bringing another life into the world. It is a proud and splendid record.

And how different is the Bermondsey these babies are born into contrasted with the Bermondsey of a hundred years ago, when thousands of them took one breath of the impure air and died. Not a hundred years ago the average length of life here was only 22 years!

### The Bad Old Days

It seems incredible till we look back at things as they were, when this strip of London on the south of the Thames, mostly below water-level, was drained by open ditches which the Thames filled twice a day with the refuse of London; for it was not till 1875 that Sir Joseph Bazalgette relieved the Thames of this filth by constructing 83 miles of sewers. Only 80 years ago Bermondsey people were dipping their buckets into these open ditches flooded by sewage to get water to make their tea!

We may read all about these bad old days and the hopeful new ones in a most interesting history of his Health Department written by Dr Connan, and in this book the doctor tells a tale that anyone may read with something like amazement, for it shows us what was done in the bad old days, how far we have moved since then, and how far we have to go on the way to our ideal. We wish Bermondsey Godspeed in its great quest of the city of perfect health.



## WONDER IN THEIR EYES

### Child Artists at South Kensington

#### THE ROAR OF A LION

Till September 4 the Imperial Institute at South Kensington is advertising the Empire with a most unusual and attractive set of pictures.

They are the work of children all over the Empire, blacks and whites, reds and yellows, a vivid, delightful, original lot of pictures collected by Winsor and Newton, the artists' colour firm. When this Empire Exhibition is over Winsor and Newton are to add to it still more children's paintings from the world outside the Empire, and show them round the country.

"These children have wonder in their eyes," said Dr M. J. Rendall, Winchester's old headmaster, when he opened the exhibition at the Imperial Institute, and picked out for special praise a pencil drawing of lace by a little Cyprus girl, a pattern of red leaves from Nairobi, and some wonderful colouring from Gibraltar.

#### David Playing Before Saul

We specially liked a design made up of Hebrew letters by a little nine-year-old from Palestine, and a picture from Palestine of David playing before Saul. Here are native children's drawings of their fathers and mothers from Nyasaland, dancers from Ceylon, Indians from Canada, patterns made up of camels and exotic flowers and the other everyday things seen by these children at the other ends of the world; and once we were transfixed by the Roar of a Lion, a delightful impressionist picture from South Africa, all red mouth and tongue and fiery streaks of terror.

These children all over the Empire are being taught to delight in good colour and design as well as good workmanship, so that when they grow up they may demand beauty in such things as clothes and carpets and unspoiled country, while those that show special talent have an opportunity of developing it in whatever form it takes.

Go to see this exhibition at South Kensington. We guarantee that everyone will learn something from these young artists, if it is only to look with fresh wonder at familiar things.

## WILLIAM LEE AND KNITTING-NEEDLES

### The Very Practical Parson

The rector of Carlton, which is virtually part of Nottingham, has been declaring a simple truth to his parishioners by stating that good housekeeping will do more to keep a husband's love than all the paint and powder in the world.

It was another Notts parson who won a wife and her love by himself providing an aid to good housekeeping which was destined to become the ancestor of some of the most wonderful machinery in the world and a source of enormous wealth to nations as well as individuals.

He was the Rev William Lee of Calverton, who wooed a charming young lady whose industry with her knitting-needles was not to be interrupted even for his sake.

In order to free her from something of her toil and liberate her for conversation the laughing genius sat down and invented the stocking-frame, which, next to the common loom for warp and weft, is the oldest textile machine in the world.

The invention dates back to the year following the sailing of the Armada, and there exists, or did for long exist, a painting showing William with his frame explaining its virtues to the young lady still busy with her wearisome knitting-needles.

## LITTLE OAKHAM AND ITS ANCIENT CUSTOM

### Proposal To Abolish Five Assizes

The ancient pageantry associated with the arrival of His Majesty's Judges may become a fading memory to the inhabitants of four towns in Wales and of little Oakham in England.

A Committee to consider the alteration of the work of the assizes has recommended that the assizes at Beaumaris, Mold, Presteign, Newtown, and Oakham should be abolished, but that Sheffield, the biggest town in England without an assize, should have one and that two judges should visit it.

Two judges are proposed for the Chester assizes and for the autumn assizes at Exeter, Bristol, and Winchester. Another important recommendation is that civil business should be taken by a judge at every assize.

Our judges will be sorry to miss their visit to Oakham, for here they sit in a hall which has seen justice meted out from the days of the Normans.

This hall was part of the castle built in the 12th century by Walkelin de Ferrars. The arms of the Ferrars family bore horseshoes, and a custom arose in very early days of demanding a horseshoe or an equivalent sum of money from every peer of the realm on his first passage through the town. These shoes adorn the walls of the hall, and among them are examples handed over by Queen Elizabeth and many of her successors on the throne of England.

They serve as reminders to our judges of the days not so far away when the judges went about England on horseback, and when the condition of the roads affected their punctuality.

## OUR YOUNGEST SHEPHERD

### Eleven-Year-Old Harold Proves His Skill

The proudest shepherd in England today is Harold Holmes, believed to be the youngest shepherd in the country.

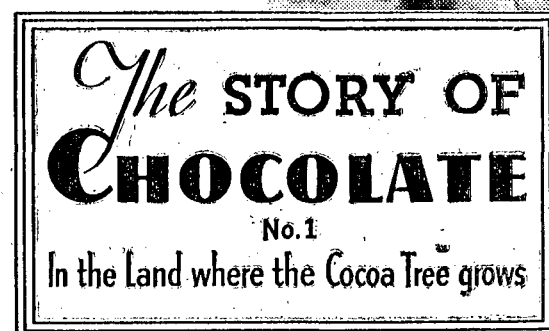
At the recent English National Sheepdog Trials at Liverpool Harold achieved the greatest step forward in his ambition to become England's champion shepherd. He gave a demonstration of his skill, handling his brother's dog Gled before the big crowd that had gathered to see shepherds and farmers from all parts of the country compete for membership of the team to represent England against Scotland and Wales. The day before had been his 11th birthday.

When the crowd warmly applauded Harold's skill at whistling his dog, which gathered sheep half-a-mile away, the young shepherd did not blush. You see, he comes from a family of famous shepherds known for centuries on the hills round Heptonstall, at Hebden Bridge. His brother Cecil, a member of England's national team to compete at the International Sheepdog Trials, was placed third in order for the National Cup at this year's trials. Harold's father and his older brothers are already famous at sheepdog trials; another brother had just won a medal at Lytham trials.

Harold made his first entry in a sheepdog trial when he was eight, and has since won prizes at local trials. His father taught him the signals as soon as he could toddle. One day he hopes to gain the highest honour a shepherd can boast, the English National Cup of the International Sheepdog Society.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Colchis . . . . .	Kol-kis
Dioscorides . . . .	Di-os-korry-decz
Lacerta . . . . .	Las-er-tah
Ravenna . . . . .	Rav-en-ah



This is the Cocoa Bean calling. Or perhaps I ought to call myself the Cocoa Pod, because I'm really a whole collection of beans. I am going to tell you the exciting story of my life, from the time when I grew on a tree in an African forest, right up to the day your mother took a spoonful of me from a tin to make me into your morning cup of Bournville Cocoa. By the way, one of my family was made into that bar of Cadburys Chocolate you bought last Saturday out of your pocket money; both cocoa and chocolate are made from the cocoa bean, you know.

#### THE COCOA TREE

I want to tell you about my very early days in a plantation on the Gold Coast, which is a part of West Africa belonging to the British Empire. The tree I grew on was brought up in a 'cocoa nursery,' beside a



Here is the native girl who picks up the cocoa pods after they have been cut off the tree. She puts them in a basket and carries the basket on her head through the forest.

This is the native cutting the cocoa pod off the tree. His knife is very sharp and he neatly cuts the stalk of the pod and is careful not to damage the cocoa pod or the bark of the tree.

stream. When it was a foot high, it was moved to its proper home, a clearing in the forest.

I and my brothers and sisters appeared on the tree when it was four years old, first as little cushions on the bark, which gradually turned into bunches of tiny flowers, pale pink and yellow. Soon the petals fell off, and we pods began to show our faces. When fully grown, each one of us was the shape of a rugger ball, only smaller. I was a brilliant crimson in colour, while my brothers and sisters were bright purple, yellow, green and gold. We grew straight out of the branches and trunk of the tree, each one joined by a short, thick stalk.

#### HARVESTING THE BEAN

On the Gold Coast there are two picking or 'harvesting' seasons: the 'Big' Season, which begins in October and ends in January, and the 'Small' Season, which lasts from March to May or early June.

This is how I was picked off my tree. A native came up, thrust his pole with a blade at the end between the branches, and with one jerk, neatly cut my stalk, so that I fell on the ground with a flop. Then a native girl picked me up and carried me in a basket on her head. After quite a long ride through the forest, I was tumbled out on to a heap of pods. My brother and sister pods and myself were all such wonderfully fine and healthy fellows that we were called 'Cadbury Quality.' That was the greatest honour that could be paid to us, because only the very best beans are chosen for making Cadburys Cocoa and Chocolate.

Later I will tell you what happened to us.



Begin This Entrancing New Serial Now

## THE CHARIOT RACE

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## What Has Happened Before

Olympia approaching, all Greece is discussing the coming event. Leonidas, who is entering his horses for the great chariot race, is flattered by a visit from the noble Agnon, who has come "to offer his advice." He is quickly disillusioned, however, for Agnon is furious that "a mere farmer should seek to snatch the palm from the hands of the nobles," and his advice to Leonidas is that he shall at once withdraw.

## CHAPTER 3

## The Four Horses

WHILE the lads were fetching the horses Leonidas explained that he would have had them show their paces in the yard had the sun been less strong. "But my lord will find sufficient room here to judge them," he said.

"Oh, ample, ample," Agnon replied, with a yawn, reflecting that it would not require much space to inspect the points of such ordinary animals as those of this local farmer would turn out to be. "Nor indeed can I tarry much longer. My retinue waits me."

"You left it in the city?"

"With Plutus the innkeeper."

Agnon yawned again as he spoke. This business was boring. He was sorry he had agreed to look at the horses.

But when the first of them appeared the next instant his face changed, nor could he suppress a gasp of astonishment. It was milk-white from head to foot, without a blemish, and of a symmetry and beauty which took Agnon's breath away. Never had he set eyes on a more noble animal, nor on one with a glossier coat or more powerful chest and forequarters. He went close, ran his hand down the proud creature's legs, felt the ripple of the muscles under the skin, laid a knowing touch on the clean and graceful hindquarters, while the horse turned its head and surveyed the inquisitive stranger with large calm eyes and barely a quiver of nostril.

Agnon took a step back. His haughty indifference had vanished. His passion for horses had mastered all other feelings. "Now, by Apollo!" he cried, "had you three more like this steed great Jove himself might envy you, my Leonidas! But what others could one yoke with a creature so matchless!"

Philip had left the horse in charge of his master, but reappeared this moment leading another, and next came Glaucus with two more walking behind him. And when Agnon perceived that all four were of similar colour, and all four of the same height and equal beauty, his amazement broke all bounds and, wringing Leonidas's hand, he vowed that never before had his eyes been so feasted. "Nor do I wonder any more," he said handsomely, "that you aspire to the highest honour in Greece. Euryalus himself can show no steeds more beautiful. But have they speed as well?"

"My lord, they are borne on winged feet." "Yea, and so I should judge," declared Agnon. "And what do you call them? If indeed one could find a name worthy."

"To my mind," responded the honest Leonidas with pride, "twould tax the wit of mortal to find them names worthy. But one I have christened Glory, and one Morning Star—"

"Not ill-befitting," Agnon interposed, nodding.

"And the third, my lord, is Day-Break; and, after much pondering, my stable-lad Philip found a name for the fourth."

"Nay, master, twas I who found it!" Glaucus broke in.

"Twas you, was it, prattler," Leonidas uttered good-humouredly. "Here is one, my lord Agnon, who babbles much of his achievements. Speak up, then, Glaucus, for I would not rob you of credit. Declare the name which you found for the fourth of my beauties."

"Flash of Light," pronounced Glaucus, in no way abashed. The horse pricked up its ears, then suddenly jerked its halter out of its head.

On this the others grew restive, shouldering one another and plunging and rearing. Alarmed lest they do themselves injury, Leonidas dashed forward, and was calling out to them when another voice sounded. It spoke to the horses by name, and as soon as they heard it they desisted and stood as quietly as before.

It was Philip who had soothed them by mere word of mouth, whereas Glaucus had darted aside in fear of their heels. Philip was stroking Flash of Light's neck now and

Glory was nozzling him, as his eyes questioned Leonidas. "Aye, back with them," answered the latter; and while the horses were being led away he turned again, with pride on his face, to his visitor.

"So my beauties merit the noble Agnon's approval?"

"By Hector, they do! But would you drive them yourself in the stadium at Olympia? Have you skill with the reins?"

"Very little, my lord," owned Leonidas.

"Bethink you! Such steeds will require exquisite handling. They are young. The thunder of their rivals' hoofs on the turf and the roars of the populace may well discompose them. They will need arms of iron to hold them and great strength to guide them. For remind yourself," continued Agnon, "that the four-horse chariots must course the stadium twelve times. That is all but nine miles, Leonidas. A great tax on endurance."

"All that is well in my mind," Leonidas answered.

"You have practised them?"

"Yes."

"And you hope before the day comes to render yourself proficient for the task?"

"Not so, my lord," said Leonidas.

"There is one man alone who can, I believe, be trusted to handle my beauties. And him I have engaged. He is already with me."

"His name?"

"It is Critias, son of Cirrha, who comes from Aegina."

"Aye, a famed charioteer," exclaimed Agnon, with a wide stare.

"None better. It is he who is exercising my brave steeds, in pairs and full-yoked. And he tells me that he has never driven their like for speed or fire or stamina," glowed Leonidas.

"Yet bethink you again," urged Agnon.

"Though a first-class charioteer is of greatest significance and might indeed snatch the victory from the jaws of defeat—"

"As now and then one has witnessed, my lord, at Olympia."

"Even so, good Leonidas. Yet for four such mettled and powerful steeds as you've shown me there is needed a further art to that of the driver. There is needed the art

of the chariot-maker, Leonidas. Have you chariot-makers in Elis?"

"There are none of importance, my lord."

"As I feared," averred Agnon, whose subtle smile had returned. "Have you then fashioned your own chariot, worthy Leonidas?"

"I am a farmer and no craftsman," Leonidas answered.

"And so you are hiring, are you, good fellow?" the patrician resumed, with a shrug of amusement. "Though you offer first fruits to Apollo, let me inform you that you will find no chariot within your reach this Olympiad."

"Would the noble Agnon lend me one?" asked Leonidas quietly.

"Alas, no! Though I have several, all are bespoken. Alas, good Leonidas, had you asked me before with what pleasure might I not have sprung to your aid. But now I am sorely afraid that no one can help you. For, unless my experience errs, your horses, being in no wise too tall and yet powerful beyond common, will need a chariot of enormous strength and great span but withal as light as the dove's wing. There is no such chariot to be found in all Elis, nor can you find one to fabricate such a chariot in time for the Games."

Now Leonidas was watching his visitor closely and believed that he detected relief on his face. "O Agnon," he answered, "the truth is indeed on your lips when you say that none could build me such a chariot in time. But whether there already exist such in Elis is another matter whereof I invite your opinion. I would beg you to accompany me a few paces."

## CHAPTER 4

## (ritias

Thus saying, Leonidas led the way from the stables and crossed the yard toward his coach-houses, Agnon behind him. Having passed the first of these, he halted in front of another with a heavy bar across the doubled-leaved door. He raised the bar and, drawing a key from the pouch at his girdle, shot back the bolts, then, throwing both the leaves wide, he motioned his visitor to precede him inside.

This Agnon did, and barely was over the threshold before, for the second time this morning, bewilderment gripped him. He could find no voice at first, but stood staring with half-open mouth. At last he uttered, thickly, almost whispering, "Nay

## JACKO GETS CAUGHT

To judge by his face there was no doubt that Jacko was thoroughly enjoying his holiday.

He dashed home one afternoon, just after tea, for his fishing tackle.

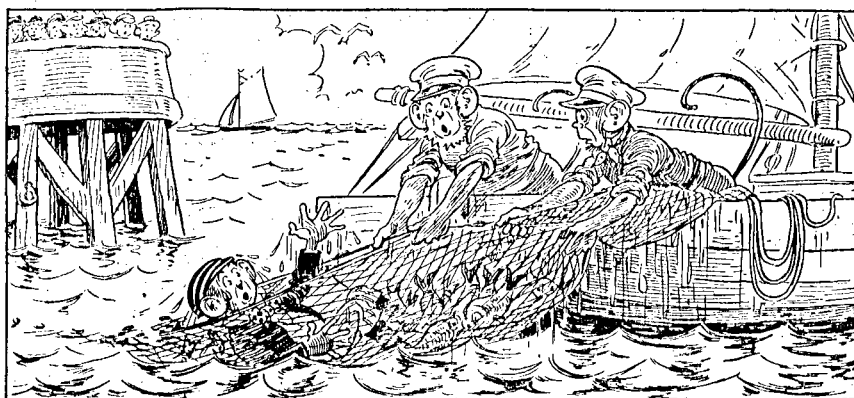
"Where you going, Jacko?" asked his little brother.

"Pier," Jacko told him. "Sorry, old man," he said hastily. "Too late for you," for Baby had begun to pull a

growled, and he began to haul in his line.

Halfway up it stuck. Jacko let out an angry roar, and leaned over to see what had happened.

The wind had blown the line against a bit of broken timber, and, try as he would, he couldn't dislodge it. There was nothing for it, he would have to go after it. He swung himself over the rail and climbed down.



In their surprise they nearly dropped it

face. "I'll take you out in a boat tomorrow—if I have any luck," he added under his breath.

He'd had no luck up to the present, for not one of the men he had been watching putting out to sea could be persuaded to take him with them. The fact was Jacko was getting known.

And so he had to be content with dangling a line from the end of the pier.

Still, it wasn't bad fun, though the fish didn't seem too willing to swallow Jacko's bait.

After a bit he got wild. "Must be something wrong with the bait," he

But the lower he got the more slippery it grew; the old timbers were covered with slimy seaweed. After a bit Jacko gave it up, and, flinging up his arms, he sprang clear and dived.

The next minute some fishermen anchored by the pierhead felt a tremendous tug on their net.

Something big—gigantic—and, by the weight of it, "some" fish!

They hauled it up in great excitement. But as their catch appeared over the side they nearly dropped it.

Looking every bit as surprised as they were themselves was—Jacko!

farmer, I supposed you would show me a coach-house. But instead, by the beard of Poseidon, I am come to a treasure house!"

"The noble Agnon perceives I have no need to hire," Leonidas remarked in a very dry tone.

His visitor was gazing like a man entranced at a masterpiece of the chariot-maker's high art.

"Is it worthy of my steeds?" inquired Leonidas.

The chariot was inlaid with silver and gold, and with mother-of-pearl that shimmered and gleamed in the light. Its long and tapering yoke, on either side of which the horses would be yoked two abreast, combined the perfection of balance with the essence of strength; and all the grace of the swan gliding over still water was shown in its rounded body and beautiful lines. The concave wheels of bright tempered steel were in flawless proportion.

"Mighty Phidias himself might have made it!" breathed Agnon.

"Yea, well might Phidias or such as he have designed it. Lift the yoke, my lord. You will find it as light as a feather, yet nevertheless of a strength beyond question."

"Speak, Leonidas! Where did you get it?"

"Twas given me," the gratified man replied happily, "by a noble in Sparta whom I had chanced to befriend."

"You will sell it me when the Games are over, Leonidas. You may name your own price," exclaimed Agnon.

Leonidas looked him very full in the face. "Alas, my lord Agnon, had you asked me before," he answered in a lingering, thoughtful tone, "with what pleasure would I not have accepted your offer. But now I am afraid that I must refuse you. My chariot stands promised to Critias when he has triumphed, and already, mighty Agnon, he is acclaiming it his. Aye, already he doth call it The Chariot of Critias." Then Leonidas looked round as a step sounded in the yard. "Ah, and here," he exclaimed, "comes my Critias. Welcome, O Critias!"

The young man who had joined them inclined his head. Of medium height and spare but supple build, he looked all over an athlete in pink of condition and carried himself with the dignity of his famed calling. Presented to Agnon he bowed anew, then stood in a grave silence.

But Agnon was not silent. "And so," he exclaimed patronisingly, "already, my good fellow, you call this rare chariot your own, in your confidence of driving it first past the post. And should you make your vaunt good you shall sell it me, Critias."

"Not for all the riches of Midas," the charioteer answered.

"How so! Have you no need of gold?" "But more would I fain possess perfection, O Agnon."

"Thus saith the artist!" scoffed Agnon. "Tell me, then, Critias. Do you count so surely on bearing the palm at Olympia?"

"Nay, that lies in the lap of the gods," replied Critias. "But this do I know of a surety, noble Agnon. Should I fail the fault will be my fault alone, for none will drive braver steeds than those of Leonidas."

"Spoken like an obedient servant," mocked Agnon. But then, "May good fortune attend you," said he to Leonidas. "Have no more doubt but that Agnon wishes you well. There is none who will proclaim you victor more heartily." With a great air he bowed and took his leave.

And back to the inn beneath the walls of the city where his retinue and travelling coach were awaiting him. They wondered then, his attendants, what ailed their lord; for his brow was black as thunder.

At the same moment Leonidas and his charioteer were discussing their visitor.

"Who drives for him?" asked Leonidas.

"Tis Perseus of Crete. There is no better whip among mortals."

"And will Euryalus of Athens himself drive his wondrous blood mares?"

"Aye, so I have been told. His courage is proved, but he lacks a little, methinks, in the necessary coolness. You will remember at the last Olympiad how in trying to pass me too closely in the seventh round the nave of his chariot crashed into the boundary and broke?"

"Aye," Leonidas answered, "and a marvel it seemed that when his wheel was torn off and the chariot turned over he did not lose his feet and become entangled in the reins, to be dragged along violently by the terrified horses. And now mine ears are hungering once again for your assurance that my beauties possess a great chance."

"They possess every chance," said the charioteer. "Ne'er before have I practised or handled steeds of such quality."

TO BE CONTINUED





Do  
you  
wish  
your  
child  
to win a

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# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

August 29, 1936

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## THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

I HAVE an arm without a bone,  
A back without a spine,  
No legs, and so I borrow yours,  
And thus we both combine.

Answer next week

How Spain Got Its Name

THIS is the English form of the Spanish name of the country, *Hispania*, or *Espana*. The name comes from an old-time word, "Span," meaning rabbit. The Carthaginians found the country overrun by these animals, and called the land after them.

Dedicated To 1936

The following lines recently appeared in a Lincoln school magazine:

DIRTY days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
From January up to May  
The rain it raineth every day.  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Without a blessed gleam of sun:  
If any of them had two-and-thirty  
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

Let on Parle Français



Le mur La perruque Le tableau  
wall wig picture  
Les murs sont couverts de tableaux. Cet homme porte une perruque fort élégante.

The walls are covered with pictures. That man is wearing a most elegant wig.

The Largest Sea Bird

THE largest and strongest of sea birds is the albatross, which is about four feet in length. The wings, which are long and narrow, are usually 10 feet across between the extended tips. Some of these birds, however, have a wing-spread of 17 feet. The albatross accompanies ships for days, and continues doing so without alighting on the water. It was the sight of this bird that cheered the early explorers of the Southern Seas.

A peculiarity of the albatross is that it builds its nest of mud around the egg after it has been laid.

II

RASTUS and Sambo were talking about ages.

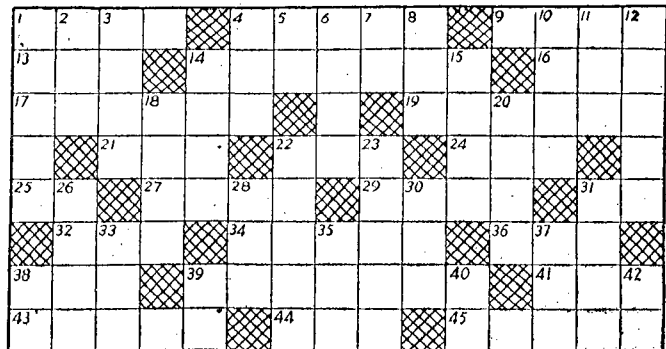
"Jus' look at my ol' dad," said Rastus. "Dere's a great age; he's eighty-four."

"Dat's nuffin," replied Sambo. "Why, my gran'dad would be a hundred and six—if he had lived."

## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

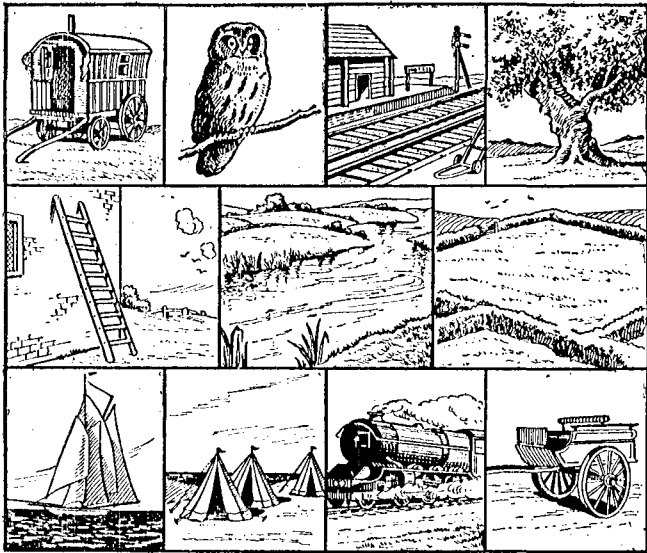
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Competent. 4. Witty. 9. Goods are sold here. 13. The sheltered side. 14. A waiter on board ship. 16. A sheep. 17. To pay for. 19. Farmers. 21. Metallic point to a bootlace. 22. A run gained at cricket. 24. Brink. 25. Royal Engineers. 27. The main timber in a ship. 29. A cry of distress. 31. Compass point. 32. To contend. 34. To reformat. 36. To fix in position. 37. Latin preposition denoting through. 39. Definite. 41. Not cooked. 43. To speak derisively. 44. Well-known English river. 45. A bright dazzling light.



Reading Down. 1. Small tree common by rivers and in marshes. 2. An industrious insect. 3. Not right. 4. A pig pen. 5. Myself. 6. At a distance. 7. High honour for an artist. 8. To attempt. 10. Plant from which rope is made. 11. To be bound to pay. 12. Copper coins. 14. A wise man. 15. A ravine. 18. A toothed agricultural implement. 20. Lubricates. 22. To shed blood. 23. An eagle's nest. 26. Not odd. 28. To go astray. 30. River of Germany. 31. A heavenly body. 33. Wrath. 35. A unit. 37. Period of time. 39. Postscript. 40. Pair. 42. For example. 43. You and me.

## A Holiday Picture Acrostic



HENRY and Dick left London for a holiday in Devonshire, and these pictures show some of the things they saw on the way. If the initial letters are rearranged in a certain order you will find what means they used to get there.

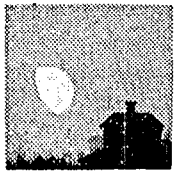
Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE meadow saffron is now in flower. Found in moist meadows, it bears pale purple flowers and, because of the crocus-like appearance of the blooms, is known also as the autumn crocus. The name botanists have given to it is *colchicum*, which comes from Colchis, a country celebrated in Greek mythology as the destination of the Argonauts and the home of Medea. It was grown in that country, and Dioscorides, a Greek physician, proclaimed it a poison. The combs and seeds, however, have medicinal value.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Venus and Mercury are in the West. In the morning Mars is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Sunday, August 30.



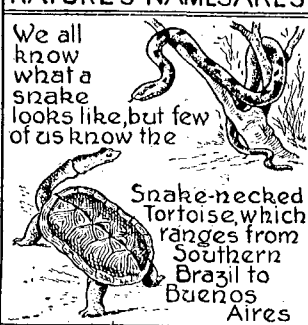
Preserving Fern Fronds

THE fronds of most ferns dry well and keep their colour, but if they are pressed flat between sheets of blotting-paper they are not of much use for putting into vases. Here is a better way.

Spread on a dish a layer of sand, which should be as fine and dry as possible. Then select some well-developed fronds and place these

on the sand with the stalks upward. Spread out the different parts of the frond, and then allow sand to fall lightly on the leaf. When it is covered with a thin layer bury all the others in the same way. After about a week the frond will be dry and its natural form and colour beautifully preserved. These preserved fronds are useful for winter decoration.

## NATURE'S NAMESAKES



We all know what a snake looks like, but few of us know the

Enigma

WHAT is that which no man ever yet did see;  
Which never was, yet always is to be?

Answer next week

A Certain Wise Man

A CERTAIN wise man, it is written,  
By absence of mind badly bitten,  
Made two holes in his door,  
Where but one was before,  
To admit his pet cat and her kitten!

Not At All

THE student thought it was only right to have a word with his professor before leaving.  
"I must thank you, sir," said the youth. "I am indebted to you for all I know."  
"Don't mention such a trifle," replied the professor.

A Puzzle Poem

In the following verses the names of eight insects are concealed.

THE wretch was poor and thin—  
He had been rich, I think.  
From others he begged pence  
And clothing, food, and drink.  
He showed no sign at all  
Of pedantry or skill.  
Of this poor man tis true  
To say that he was ill.  
Chiefly he haunted towns  
Mid generous folk and kind.  
But when the summer came  
To fields his way he'd find.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Animal Riddle. Sea, owe, bee, are, aye—COBRA.  
Beheaded Word. There, here, ere.  
Charade. Harvest-home.

Five-Minute Story

## Blackberrying

TOM and Sue were dreadfully disappointed. They were to have spent the day at the seaside with Aunt May, but poor Aunt May had a cold and had telephoned to put them off.

Tom said glumly, "Today is quite spoilt!"

"Oh, no!" said Mummy. "Today has scarcely begun, so how can it be spoilt?" And then a dancing light came in her eyes. "Listen," she said. "I have a lovely idea. We'll go blackberrying!"

The children were delighted. "Why, I'm nine," said Tom, "and I've never once been blackberrying in all that time!"

"Well," said Mummy, "we shall soon be ready if you help me."

So Tom and Sue helped to wash up and make the beds, and they mother made sandwiches and the children hunted in the kitchen for tins to put the berries in. Tom pounced on a big quart can and Sue seized the small can; Mummy took the aluminium kettle because there was no can left for her.

At last they were ready; and Mummy brought along Daddy's big umbrella, "Because in this sort of weather you never know," she said.

They went by bus to a pretty village seven miles away. Mummy seemed just as excited as the children. "It's ages since I went blackberrying!" she said.

Then Mummy led the way over the river and through some fields until they came to a little twisty lane. Tom and Sue shrieked with delight, for the hedges were covered with blackberry bushes.

It was great fun.

In his excitement Tom stumbled and the precious blackberries rolled out of his can and were spoiled, and he had to start all over again. Sue in her zeal got stung by a nettle, and even Mummy wandered into a ditch and got rather wet.

But in spite of these little accidents Tom's big can, Sue's little one, and Mummy's kettle were at last brim full of black juicy berries.

And then it began to rain!

But Mummy with a laugh set up the big umbrella like a tent, and they all crept under and ate their sandwiches.

And then out came the sun again, shining through the rain.

"Come along," said Mummy. "I think there is just time to make Daddy a blackberry tart for tea."

"What a lovely day this has been!" said Tom and Sue that night.

And when Daddy had tasted his blackberry tart he agreed.

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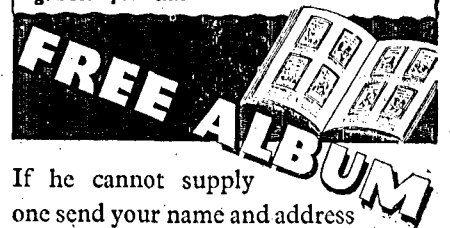
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